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A guide to CITR

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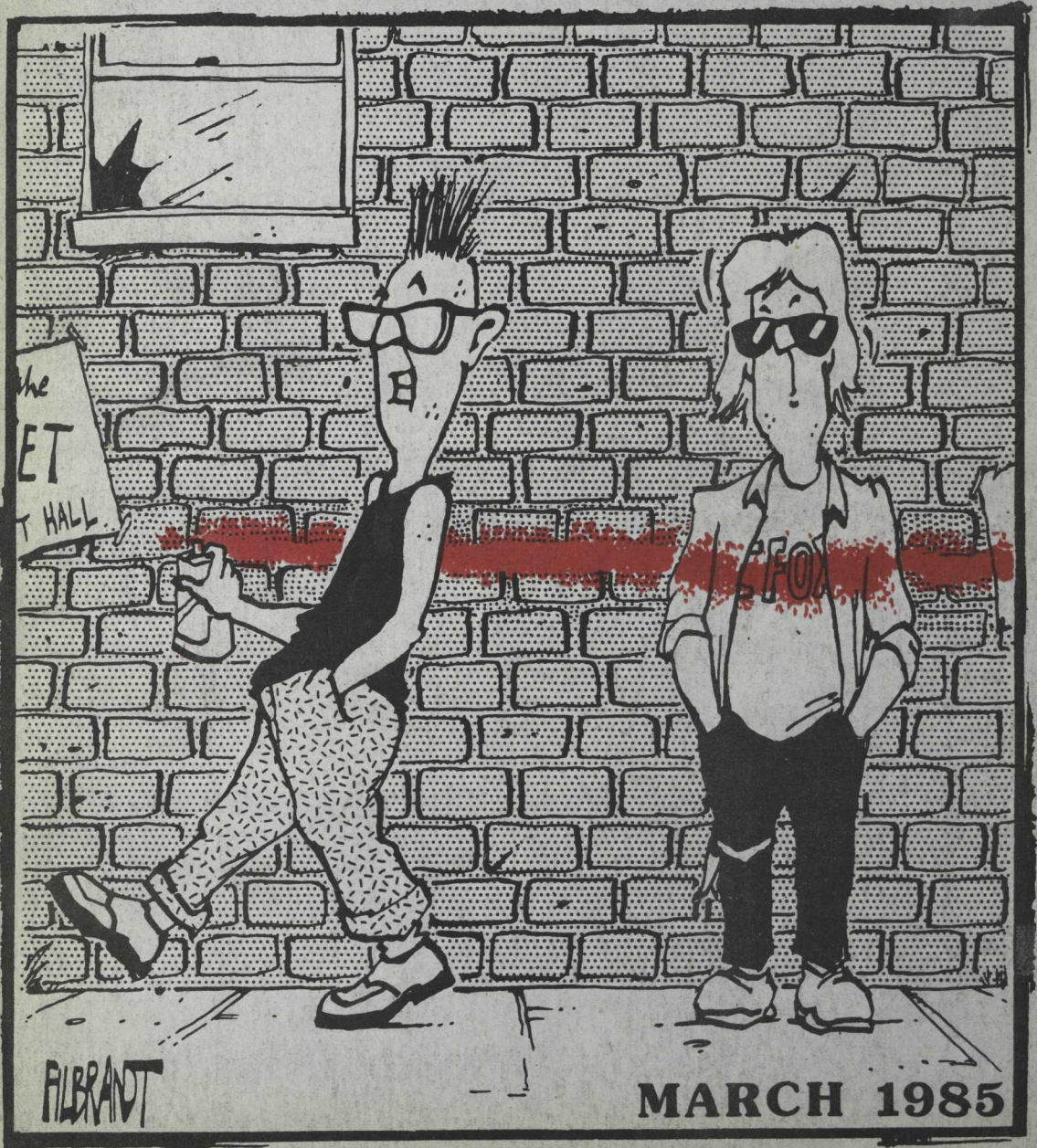


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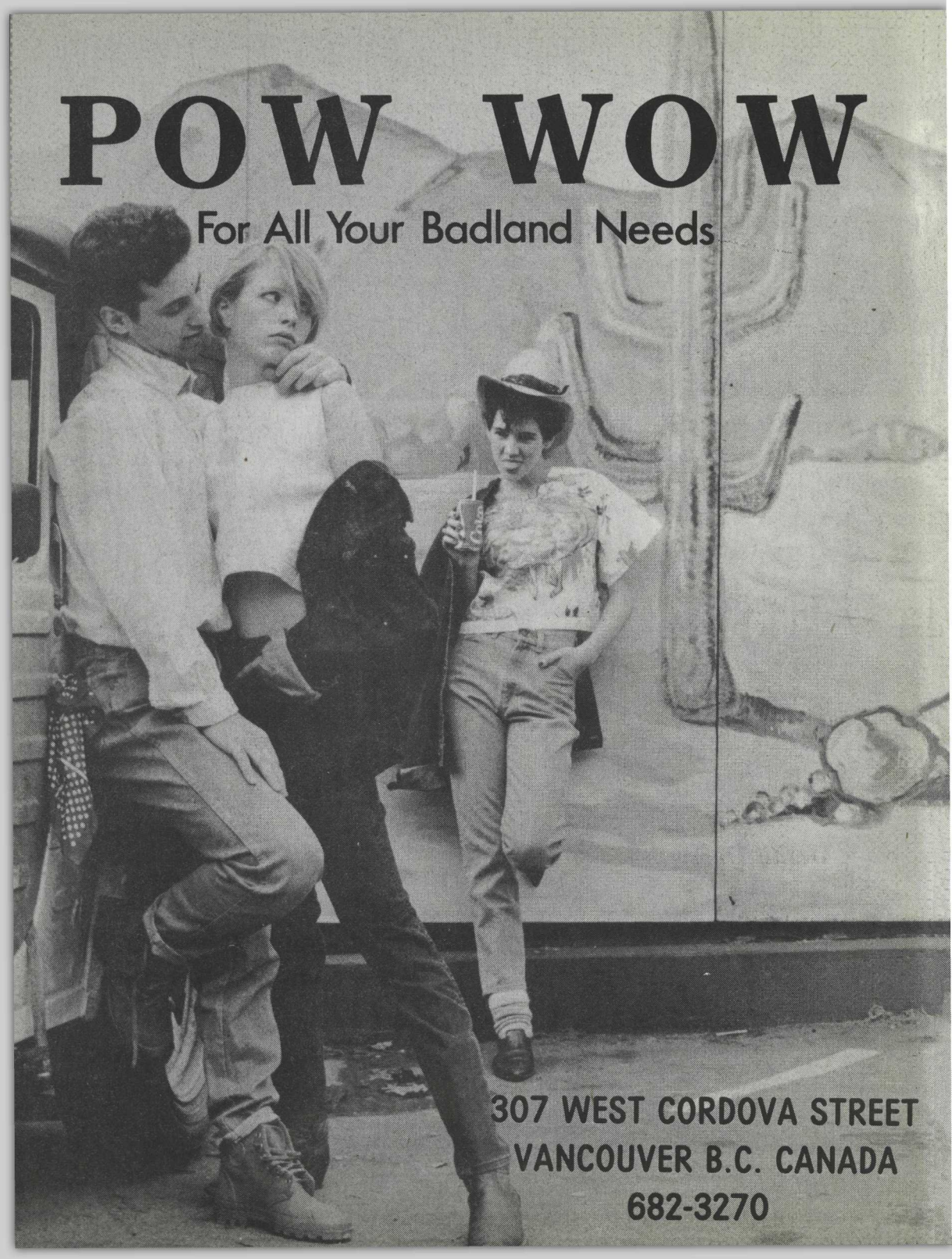
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March 1985 Vol. 2 No. 3

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# OVERHEARD
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# AIRHEAD

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Dear Airhead,

Apparently CITR is in danger of tarnishing its reputation by allowing bands to play in Shindig which appeal to more than their immediate group of friends.

In order to assure that Shindig remain 100% non-commercially viable, I suggest that CITR make the following simple change in judging procedure: instead of adding points for audience response, just subtract points. This, I'm sure, will virtually guarantee that any band who wins will be one with *no* commercial potential. Not only that, you'll get rid of those line-ups!

Signed,
Sick-of-the-Wait

---

Dear CITR Persons (or do I have to say Airhead?)

I have three (3) complaints.

1. Re: Issue 1, Vol. 3, p. 26.
—It's Bela Lugosi *not* Bella.
2. Re the same issue, p. 19.
—You claim "CITR is the only campus radio station in Canada that does not have any on-air commercial revenues."
—You are wrong.
—Neither does CKCU-FM, the radio station of Carleton University in Ottawa.
—However, CKCU *does* have an annual funding drive during which they whine for money on the air for about a month.
—So why don't you try that first, because commercials are degrading, gross and tacky.
3. I still can't get CITR on my radio!

Thanks and Love,
the ELF

**No, I'm sorry, it is you who are mistaken. CKCU do indeed raise funds through on-air sponsorships in addition to their annual funding drive. At this stage, CITR is exploring viable options for raising additional funds and we don't expect to make any decisions for some time. We are, however, eager to hear listeners' views on the subject. So drop us a line.**

---

Dear Airhead:

Firstly, glad to see that you reviewed the Negro Jazz Funeral single in your last issue. Even though it got a good review, the reviewer couldn't help but take a dig at the Toronto music scene. It seems the norm here in Vancouver to dismiss music from Toronto as pretentious and unworthy of attention.

I don't know what makes the people and bands here in Vancouver have this unfounded belief that they are the only ones to have a good underground scene. Toronto, for one, has a lot more clubs offering a far more diverse range of music than here, and many fine bands over the past few years have emerged from T.O., some of the more notable ones being: Rent Boys, Ugly Models, Y.Y.Y., Young Lions, Sturm Group, Demics, Body Bag, Chronic Submission, and N.J.F.

And yes, surprised as you may be, distortion is used by many bands and is not a "dirty word".

Toronto also has one of the most active and well-organized hardcore scenes, so people of Vancouver, open your ears to the many fine sounds emerging from the East, underground music does not start and finish in Vancouver, and remember it was Vancouver not Toronto that spawned those metal mega-stars D.O.A.

Bier & Seka,
Andrew Bag

**Yes, you're absolutely right. The reviewer was guilty of regional snobbery and is now on assignment in Yellowknife interviewing politically correct polar bears. He'll also follow D.O.A. on their Great White North tour where they'll be trying to crack the lucrative Inuit market. Watch for details.**

---

Dear Airhead,

The idea of joking about the serious problem of sexism (Marla Trail's letter, Feb. '85) at CITR is beyond me and many other women in your listening audience.

I enjoy the music played on CITR in general, but find myself becoming increasingly discontent with your sloppy way of dealing with this serious problem. I'm glad Co-Op's around!

Petty Juba

**Yes, we're often sloppy, the letter was silly and it really served no constructive purpose, other than to detonate the myth that myopic sexist thinking is within the exclusive domain of men.**

Dear Airhead,

Hey! Your mag is so good, why do you fuck it up by having people like Brian Maitlarf review records? The guy is incompetent in this area, and having him review hardcore records is like having a manicurist doing brain surgery! He licks the balls of Bill of Rights 'cos they're local (and probably gave him the record) and turns around and gives less favorable reviews to Toxic Reasons (who are god.) He fucks up on The Stretchmarks review, whose LP *What 'D'Ya See* (not *Bad Moon* as stated) on Headbutt records. And saying Youth Brigade have changed? What a maenard!! I wish he would listen to a record more than once before judging it. None of the H.C. records were any less than fantastic (I should know) except for the Bill of Rights' record which is good in its own right, but is so locally overrated. . . Also, I wish he'd explain the difference between hardcore and thrash, or hardcore and heavy metal, or punk or H.C.—it's so dumb, his confusing everyone with petty labels makes me sick!!

NG3's "Demo Derby" review was also an atrocity—who cares if NG3 may sound heavy metal, don't put your reaction in a negative way. NG3 blow away most of the older H.C. units in Van, and what they lack in experience they make up for in dedication and enthusiasm. I wish people would look farther down the road than D.O.A., who seem to be the general comparison to any H.C. record reviews in zines like yours. As long as you persist in your biasness, people will always be in the rut of D.O.A., Circle Jerks, Exploited, etc., which is so funny I cry. For the real lowdown on today's music, pick up an issue of Maximum Rock & Roll or any other fanzine—that's where you see integrity, honesty and dedication, not lame comparisons, petty labels and blind ignorance. If you don't know what you're talking about, STAY AWAY or be prepared to learn. . .

Wrestle Tough,
Hughe G. Rection
Surrey

# Shindig

Eric of The Reptiles

Monday nights at the Savoy are quickly becoming something of an institution. Shindig turnouts have been so good of late that one must usually arrive at the club before 9 p.m. to beat the inevitable lineup. This is really starting to sound like a press release, eh Tom? I guess I'm big on Shindig because I always seem to have a good time when I'm there; due, in no small part I think, to the active role that the audience has played, particularly in the last couple of Monday nights.

A cynic might be tempted to complain that the winning bands lay claim to an audience's affection only insofar as they have been successful in packing it with their friends. I disagree. I think it's just another example of that rock 'n roll cliche about a band and an audience feeding off each other's energy. It makes sense then that the more pedestrian acts didn't fare well.

**Week I, Monday, Feb. 11**

**Dangerous Farm Animals** began the evening's onslaught on a decidedly harmless note. Their name is somewhat of a misnomer since there is really nothing about the band that might be construed as dangerous. They play hippy hoppy calypso-flavoured pop with plenty of rhythm and a quirky sense of humour. I have to give them credit because they're a fairly competent bunch of musicians and they work very hard. Certainly there was no lack of energy in their performance, but alas, it fell primarily on deaf ears. Why? The answer, I think is simple: Dangerous Farm Animals are a bar circuit band and, unfortunately, more often than not they sound like one. The root of the their problem lies in the fact that they haven't developed a musical persona that is in any way their own. Like many (no, most) bar bands, they play it safe. On this occasion, it came across as pure tedium. Dangerous Farm Animals finished third.

The evening's second act, **The Reptiles,** wasted no time in electrifying the Savoy with loud, sloppy, raucous rock 'n roll. Boy, are they sloppy! Guitarist Eric's playing style can be described as nothing short of cruel. Somehow, by beating the shit out of his guitar he managed to regurgitate some wonderfully raw, yet melodic noises. And all the while singing. Dave Hart (bass) and Roy Fitzsimmons (drums) take a back seat to Eric but they managed to maintain some semblance of order while he wreaked havoc. The Reptiles, in all their disorganized glory, were a big hit with the crowd, who also made a lot of noise. Ironically, it was not the best I had seen of the band. But then, it strikes me that the most consistent thing about The Reptiles is their inconsistency. They display an apparent disdain for rehearsing; instead they seem to depend upon their own ability to create a loose, spontaneous atmosphere based on the assumption that the audience will get caught up in it along with them. It seems to work. They won.

The Reptiles didn't win the evening in a walk, though. I didn't know what to expect from the third band, **Slow,** and as they swayed and tottered toward the stage to begin their set, I had this sinking feeling that we were all in for forty solid minutes of unmitigated atonal thrash. Nothing could have been further from the truth. Yes, Slow are loud, raw and somewhat obnoxious but they certainly aren't boring. Their set was characterized by sheer frenetic energy throughout as Tom (vocals) and Christian (guitar) made a mockery of the concept of "stage" and ran around the club as far as their cords would stretch. It all made for a delightful spectacle. Drummer Terry and the stocky yet agile bass player, Hamm, did an excellent job maintaining some tenuous sense of order, although they too were often given to fits of writhing contortion. The whole effect was that of a malevolent, speed-crazed Atlanta Rhythm Section —whatever that would be (oh well, it sounded good). The crowd ate it up and then, in the case of one fellow, spit it all back up. Slow were easily good enough to win, and as it turned out, finished tied in points with The Reptiles. They lost the decision in a coin toss by the Savoy's Janet Forsyth. I guess somebody has to lose, but sometimes it's awfully hard to take.

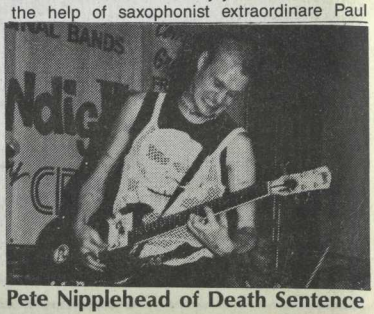
The Dilletantes

**Week II, Monday, Feb. 18**

**Foreign Legion** kicked off week II with polish. They sounded like they'd played together for a good long time. Mae Moore (vocals, rhythm guitar), Maarten George (guitar), Marcel "Animal" Belley (drums), Chris Blades (bass), and Brian McGibney (keyboards) seemed relaxed and confident on stage and their delivery was tight. Maybe they were too tight. Most of the audience remained immobile and I heard some people muttering "They're trying to be like the Pretenders." Admittedly, the stylistic resemblance was rather striking: lots of stops and starts offsetting an intricate and melodic but decidedly R & B derived brand of pop music. But it was the style and quality of Mae Moore's vocal delivery that give the Pretenders' comparison added relevance. Her voice is gruff and throaty and her phrasing brings Chrissy Hynde to mind. There's nothing wrong with sounding like the Pretenders as long as you remember where you are and, frankly, I think that Foreign Legion overplayed the club. By "overplayed" I mean simply that their sound was too textured and dense, which resulted in a discouraging similarity between songs that might have been avoided had they taken a more simple and direct approach. Foreign Legion finished second on the evening.

The second band of the evening was **The Dekka Dolls.** Chris Taylor (vocals), Alan Etcetera (guitar), Keith Williams (drums), Scott Borgios (bass) and Karen Anderson (keyboards) have been together since last September and Shindig was their second gig. Clearly, they were out of their element (which is probably the Luv-A-Fair, since they played a song about it) and succeeded only in creating a rush at the bar. I feel slightly sorry for the Dekka Dolls because the apparent attitude of their music is one of aloofness and icy metallic cool. The influences are pretty obvious; Bowie, Ferry, Sylvain are the ones that most immediately spring to mind, judging by some of the inane posturings of singer Chris Taylor. That he had some trouble carrying a tune did little to further the cause. If you're going to play the role of suave, sophisticated pop icon, you'd better be able to sing at the very least. The effect was by turns laughable and mercifully forgettable. The audience appeared utterly unmoved and many hurled taunts at the band. Dekka Dolls finished third.

Finally, **The Dilettantes** came on to mop things up, and mop up they did. Easily the least professional of the evening's three bands, they nonetheless exuded an infectious energy. Suddenly people were moving, perhaps because a link between the audience and the band had finally been established. Laura Remple (lead vocals), Sheilagh Badanic (vocals), Erica Leiren (bass and vocals), Laurie McGuiness (guitar) and Ryan Volberg (drums) apparently didn't expect to win and were out to enjoy themselves. With the help of saxophonist extraordinare Paul



Pete Nipplehead of Death Sentence

McKenzie (of the Enigmas), the Dilettantes presented themselves as a party powerhouse. Granted, they made a lot of noise and often sang off-key, but they had basic pop sense and a big beat. When guitar strings broke, McKenzie told jokes to fill in frequent gaps in the set while repairs were effected. And then they'd be off again, fracturing a few more '60's pop classics. The only truly memorable thing about their set was the fact that everyone appeared to be having a good time. It must have been the decisive factor because the Dilettantes were the winners.

**Week III, Monday, Feb. 25**

It's 9 p.m. and there is a lineup stretching down the stairs. The bighairs are out in full force to watch Death Sentence make mincemeat out of the Shindig Slaughterhouse (as they call it). Pete Nipplehead (vocals, guitar), Tim Challenger (bass) and Donut (drums) didn't disappoint as they put the best boot forward and proceeded to bust a few eardrums. The last time I saw Death Sentence they were brutal. Loud, boring, heavy metal white noise. Monday night's set began much along the same lines and reminded me of early awkward Subhumans without the humour, but it quickly got better as the band hit a few hooks. "In Flames" was a particularly memorable tune, featuring Donut on vocals. He also provided the evening's highlight as he crawled around the club playing a drum roll on the floor to the appreciative cheers of the rather partisan crowd. Many of them left after the band's set, confident that Death Sentence would win the evening. And they did.

Sadly they didn't get much competition from the second band, **Dumb Blandz** who were appearing in public for the first time. Todd Watson, Mike Coady and Tom Flavell really didn't have much of a chance trying to follow the aural onslaught of Death Sentence. The fact that they exhibited very little power or punch and that half of the crowd had gone deaf contributed to the thin, wispy quality of their nondescript set. More than a few people left, no doubt to avoid burnout. I know I found my own eyelids fluttering as Dumb Blandz went throught the motions of playing their bland (it was inevitable, wasn't it?) brand of lounge pop pudding for a group of people who clearly weren't interested. If I had to prescribe a quick fix for this uptight and woefully inhibited outfit I would advise some rougher edges and less attention to technical detail. The band seldom made mistakes but, alas, rarely appeared to be more than half alive. Dumb Blandz finished third.

The surprise band of the evening had to be the **Trouble Boys.** Just before their set, an overzealous Death Sentence fan bounded up on stage, grabbed the mike and announced that Death Sentence were the winners. It didn't seem to faze them although I'm sure they were aware that they were not the crowd's favourite. Troy Brooks (guitar), Gary Seronik (bass), Brent Truitt (guitar) and Todd McGarvey (drums) are unabashed popsters with uncanny songwriting ability and a bouncy fluid style. Guitarists Brooks and Truitt play off each other extremely well, and combined with the band's often uncertain, but nonetheless infectious vocal harmonies, their meshing guitar melodies gave the Trouble Boys a distince flair and appeal. They reminded me a great deal of bands like The Records and The Shoes, in part because (if I may be cynical for a moment) both were doomed to the status of perennial also ran. The Trouble Boys gave it a good shot and finished a close second. I hope they keep plugging because I'd really like to see this band again.

—*Steve Robertson*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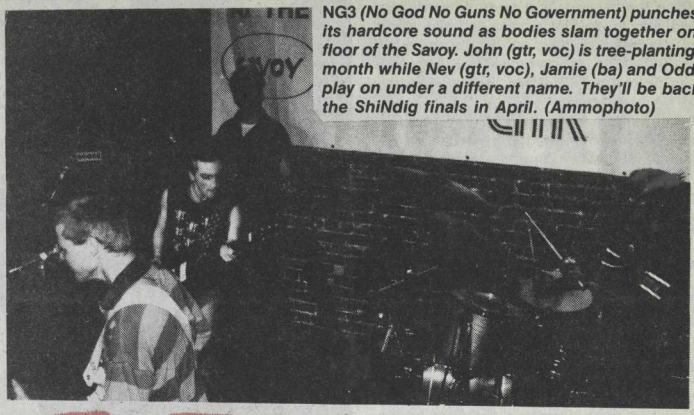
...in a gallery full of people trying to find meaning in all the hearts and chocolates that symbolize Love, it is a shock to see someone with a scowl that could freeze you in your tracks. No, **Mad Dog** has got a burr in his tail and is fixing to bite the arse out of the postman's pants who brought the hundreds of cards, paintings and boxes of all sizes to the Pitt International Gallery for the Mail Art show hosted by Museo Internacionale de Neu Art. . . to be sure, M.D. wasn't the only person there who could have worn a "Disappointed in Love" button on his lapel, but most put on at least a supercilious leer to appease St. Valentine, who's been known to show up at parties like this. The evening began well enough, with a wedding ceremony at 6 p.m. which I stumbled into. Congratulations to Grace & Brian, and may the knot never slip. . . lots of Mail Art showed up from afar, esp. Germany, Italy, and one from China. The rest was local stuff, ranging from the seductive (Suzanne Powell's feathered heart) to the ironic (Josie Kane's dustpan for sweeping up broken hearts) to the plain disgusting (someone put a beef heart in a Big Mac container and slipped it among the displays). Everything submitted was shown, so no limitations were placed on quality, though some people obviously put a lot of effort into their Valentine. It's funny what you come away from a show like this with—I can't seem to forget someone's history of Valentine's Day, how it began as a Roman feast day called Lupercalia, when men in goatskin breeches would romp thru the town with whips and maidens would line the roadsides to get a taste of the lash. . . in them days fertility was desirable! Nowadays it's a nuisance. . .The real nuisance at the P.I.G. was the appearance of Hedy Metal and the Barbs at the sock-hop in the Grey Gallery. **Paul Ewart,** one of the chorus boys, fell off the stairs right on top of me, then handed me his microphone while he composed himself, so I got to caterwaul along with some '60's love songs for awhile. For more info on the narcissistic bunch, read their own organ ISSUE Magazine. . . been subjecting myself to the SHINDIG at the Sa-VOY on Mondays lately. The stiff necks in the crowd have obviously been studying too hard; seem to be judging the entertainment—a sad state of awares. The only winners are the bands that break thru this stalemate, and they are hereby labelled Hard Core Rock (after DOA). I mean **NG3** and **SLO,** two fine post-punk outfits that can handle a little action stagefront. NG3 has been packing 'em in at the Lone Star, of all places. . . **Theatre Sports** is a ball! It's so preppy I could forgive them anything. Another competitive event, the 4-person teams vie in improvised scenes for laughs and points, judged by a panel of "experts" with big numbered cards like in figure-skating contests. For behaviorist thnckers, unparalleled interest. In the round I attended, USED KARMA squeaked by TIDE'S IN, DIRT'S OUT by a score of 65 to 62, as if it mattered—I mean, City Stage is not offering recording time or even rehearsal space and other great prizes to the Wieners, though the box office is rolling in it. But there's lineups around the block every Friday at 10 p.m., so this is real hot action for Vancouver. . ."If you got something to say to people, you got to beat Madison Ave. at their own game," **Dave Gregg** of DOA told me last week, as after seven years of self-promotion these rockers




***NG3 (No God No Guns No Government) punches out its hardcore sound as bodies slam together on the floor of the Savoy. John (gtr, voc) is tree-planting this month while Nev (gtr, voc), Jamie (ba) and Odd (dr) play on under a different name. They'll be back for the ShiNdig finals in April. (Ammophoto)***

S·I·S·S·Y·B·O·Y
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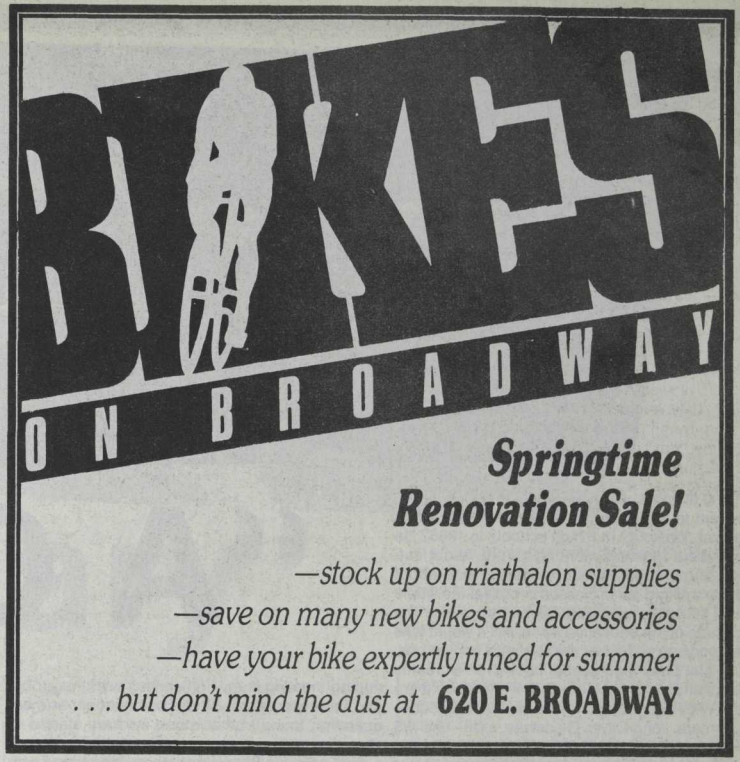
are getting the Big Sniff—i.e., major label interest—though you won't see the boys wearing big suits and whiteface nor compromising their stance to the whims of market analysts; "we know who we are and we know what we wanna say," quoth Dave. From extensive shoestring touring DOA's built up an international following, making their new product a ripe juicy plum in the eyes of distributors. I'm looking forward to hearing their new album, produced by Brian McLeod, who's been responsible for a lot of loud guitar on the other side of the management fence... **Rachel** and **Roscoe** of Animal Slaves have been taking French lessons, anticipating a move to Montreal. They've got fourteen songs in the can, awaiting vinylization... I've been listening to UNDERGROWTH, the 2-tape compilation from Collectors RPM. At first I was quite confused as to who was playing in what order on which side, and the misleading graphics didn't help. But I finally got it figured out, and I'm getting used to the music too! Local cassette releases have a real bad name for sound quality, but I for one am a real demo buff, and am often reprimanded for copying them and sending the music to far-off friends. The Undergrowth collection is split into the hardcore sides (messy and unintelligible at worst) and the new wave (sometimes wimpy) sides...I also listen to POISONED—**Art Bergmann's** recent cassette—and as a journalist the song Yellow Pages really strikes a chord in me. Fear of News has rightly struck every kickass rock musician since Jerry Lee Lewis. What can I say—the rock industry thrives on scandal; if you can't stand the heat, get out of the kitchen... odd little things happen at Emily Carr College, often at lunchtime. That was Orah Costello, right, in the freezer bag, lying on a bed of ice with fans blowing and pink noise out the loudspeakers? What chutzpah—as he cleaned his nails I wondered when he would be done on one side and have to be flipped over like a kipper. And on Friday the 15th Josie Kane was to perform "I Must Face Reality" in doublespeak at noon, but I couldn't face getting up and seeing all the faded Valentines in the shop windows... **Dilitantes** won this week's Shindig, while the well-dressed **Dekkadolls** trailed **Foreign Legion** in third place. I do hope the suits didn't prejudice the judges; there's nothing wrong with rock musicians dressing formal, just so long as they can handle the dry cleaning bill. The Dilitantes really sweated and deserved their win despite the two broken guitar strings and resultant tuning problems which actually added to the sound complex. Enigma **Paul Mackenzie** drove their drummer intense with some hot sax bursts, but the tight harmonies of the, what can I say, front girls, were just as appealing as their 'animal presence.' But I'm getting used to local performers, among whom I count friends and strangers, beginning to break thru the Concept Barrier and become demigods in my modern mythology ...they reveal themselves at an alarming rate—and now I've heard **Annie Moss** of WORK PARTY sing her share of a set, and she had That Edge in her voice. Her folk roots are showing, and yes, it WORKS! The band is real solid behind her an Alvin, who sings less and plays more guitar. It struck me as I sat there in the Sa-VOY that you don't hear much plain, un-effected guitar anymore, and the Work Party's got it in spades! I am quite pleased with this rebirth; it's got Junco Run beat by a countrified mile!...singer **Ewan McNeil** of the Beverley Sisters recently appeared in a dance piece at the Firehall Theatre, as—what else? a carpenter! That's his real job, you know, singing is only a sideline... and I continue to write, even as they are strapping me into The Chair...I am waiting for a last-minute reprieve...I'm sorry, I'm sorry...have I time for three last words? Good! **continued next issue**...no regrets,

*—Ammo Fuzztone*

# "A Cutba

Sitting at home, when the whole thing started . . . A student in Kitimat on my screen, talking about a walkout. Walkout? In a high school? In 1985? He spoke about teachers working-to-rule, about cutbacks, about anger, about frustration, and about students walking out of classes to protest the whole affair. The public was now starting to realize the magnitude of the education issue, but it would take more to convince them of the student's convictions.

. . . Point Grey high school boils over. Students walk out shouting 'No More Cuts!' and people are aware. With little prompting, the walkouts spread—Windermere, John Oliver, Gladstone, etc. —until 4/5 of Vancouver high schools have voiced their displeasure over the massive cutbacks proposed in the Vancouver School District. Organization is poor to non-existent at most schools, and the media plays up the troublemakers; those students who have something to say must struggle to make their voices heard over the din of teenagers gone wild. I am moved by the actions, but unimpressed with the end result.

A mushrooming of student organizatons occurs—SAVE, SAC, SOS, etc. —students desperately seeking a forum to have their views heard, and a machine to orchestrate further actions. There is no suitable one there. Student Councils are found to be ineffective and uncooperative, so students must build another group. The acronym SAVE (Student Alliance for Vancouver's Education) is chosen, and members of the other groups join in. The amalgamating meeting is my first contact with the group, and I am overjoyed with the commitment and co-operation found in that room; we have started to move.

First action is Black Wednesday, combined with school sit-ins. Armbands, T-shirts, pantyhose—anything black finds its way onto most students' bodies. Black for death, black for mourning, black for the grim reality of impending cutbacks. About 1,000 students sit-in across the city. The media calls it a flop, but SAVE is thrilled; students showing concern on *their own* time! Opposition to the group is minor, but very vocal. "Commies!" they scream in the corridors; SAVE posters are torn down, and administration hold us back. Letters to the editor paint students as 'loudmouthed, arrogant brats,' and even fellow students dumped on the protestors before the cameras. But these are minor incidents, and SAVE has become strong enough to push through them; so we pushed hard.

After attending a pair of school board-sponsored public forums, we realize that we have the support of parents, some teachers, and a growing number of the general public; a rally would bring students to the attention of even more people. Enlisting help from existing student organizations, SAVE prints a press release and a handbill for this rally, set for noon Saturday, February 9th, at Robson Square. Organization is difficult, since most, if not all, members have no prior experience in this area. Tim Amenhauser of Kitimat is invited down, and numerous speakers were contacted.

Saturday morning I awake to a panorama of winter, and pray that the snow will stop falling. It doesn't.

. . . Robson Square at 11:30 a.m., deserted, except for the organizers; the sound system is balking, and the media are asking us to cancel the rally due to the snow. We start calling radio stations at 11:40, asking them to announce a postponement, but mentioning that we would still be there to accommodate anyone who did show up. Returning

## The New Reality – a lesson in high-tech/free trade fantasy

The Socreds just may have blown it. You can take on welfare mothers, cut back the amount of money single people are expected to live on to $325 per month and few people squawk. You can confuse a province into believing your New Reality, into believing that Exploit 86 will create jobs (albeit short term and part time) and won't lose too much money (a mere $311 million). But you can't fuck with education.

The Socred education attack is a two-headed nasty. It first wants to erase local school board autonomy, making all boards figurehead committees dependent on the feelings of their local communities—ergo the referendum, which asks already harrassed taxpayers to fork out even more to cover what *should* be a right and *should* be paid for by the provincial government. While millions are spent on doomed-from-the-start coal projects and doomed pleasure palaces, education needs are slaughtered. Teachers are portrayed as evil money-grubbing layabouts, school boards are threatened and fined, and our futures are held ransom to a high tech Mephisto wearing nothing but modems and mini-chips—and a smile.

Which is the second of the two heads. The government wants to tell us what we can and can't study at school. As arts programmes disappear, high tech and technical programmes flourish, all fitting into the Socred dream of British Columbia becoming Bataan East—a province of free trade zones, with no unions, no human rights legislation (sounding familiar?), lots of cheap labour and low paying 12-hour-a-day jobs for all, just like the Philippines. It's that high tech free trade dream the Socreds have for this province that is shaping their education policy. Already at UBC various arts and humanities departments have been ordered to justify their existence. The head of the University of Victoria has also been told he must accept orders from the province as to what to cut and what to keep. Centralized authority wants to tell us—you, me the school boards, parents, university administrations—what to do and how to think.

Teachers have been at the top of the Socred hit list since their actions during the Solidarity walkouts of 1983. First on the picket lines,

PHOTO: JASON GRANT

# ck Diary"

to the scene, we find over 100 people milling about, and decide to proceed as best se can. Mark Reder, sans amplifier, delivers a stirring address on behalf of UBC, setting the tone for the rally. Nedjo and Trueba lead the chants, Gary Onstad of the school board keeps us cheering, and Catherine and I announce future plans.

It's over. . .we've pulled it off. Students organizing a successful rally to defend *themselves.* The energy was all positive, the people had fun, and the issues were presented forcefully; what more could we ask? Buoyed by the success, we worked towards a letter-writing and petition campaign, the Victoria rally on February 14, and the UBC Great Trek. Petitions circulated, letters were written and Tim decides to bring his 'coffin for education' down from Kitimat for the rally in Victoria. We are to fill the coffin with the letters and petitions from the Vancouver area at the ferry terminal, then deliver it to Mr. Heinrich's office. Unfortunately, Tim is snowed in, and the coffin trip is postponed. The UVic rally went ahead, with participation from SAVE, and is ruled a massive success. Adele and I speak on behalf of SAVE, and latch onto some part of the TV news; many other speakers outline the feelings of students from across B.C.: "We are sick of seeing education treated as a low priority in B.C. and we want these cuts to stop!" CITR broadcasts live from Victoria, keeping their finger on the pulse of the movement. But we are still angry, and there is much more to be done.

When the people of B.C. see students (at all levels) fighting back against government cutbacks, they will inform themselves on the issue. When they inform themselves, they will realize the extent of these cutbacks, their effect in the high schools on the English as a Second Language program, mentally and physically handicapped students, and all extra-curricular activities; in the elementary schools on kids with learning disabilities, library and gym facilities; in the universities on all programs deemed irrelevant by Mr. McGeer, including music, anthropology, and social sciences. WE ARE PISSED OFF! We realize that spending curbs are necessary in this time of recession, but these cuts go too far. If B.C. is to grow in the future, education standards must be raised, or at least maintained. The Social Credit government has stopped cutting fat, and is now leaving gaping wounds in the education system; we must speak out!

Our hope for the future of education in B.C. lies in our conviction that the people of the province are intelligent enough to see that education has a major role to play in our province's future, and that it should receive the same kind of financial assistance as Expo, B.C. Rail, and Northeast Coal. Only through public support in this fight will we make the government realize the importance of education, and the utter insanity of their strangulating cutbacks. SAVE is just one organization lobbying for public support, and we have numerous actions planned for the coming weeks, incorporating students at all levels. These include sit-ins, further rallies, marches, and petition drives, and a benefit concert on March 14th, as expenses will have to be incurred in the near future.

Please help the students save their education.

standing up to the Social Credit New Reality, teachers have continually been pressing the government on their education policies. Which is why the Socreds have been hot to get back at them in the first phases of "restraint."

One would think that instead of spending all this energy on destroying the education system the Socreds would put some thought into developing long term employment strategies that would allow for some real jobs out there when people finally emerge, scarred and bruised, from the B.C. education system. High tech is not going to be the employment answer of the future according the the federal employment ministry. They forecast the jobs of the future to be truck drivers and secretaries. But to feed the high tech industry the B.C. government is dreaming of, one needs people who are used to systems and used to following orders. As assembly line workers in the Philippine free-trade zone of Bataan will tell you you, don't need a university degree to put car doors or computer components together.

The other question in all of this cafuffle is one of accessibility. There are all kinds of people in this province who want to go to university but can't: it costs too much money, and the current provincial government loan system only means a lifetime mortgaged to the to the Socreds through student loan payments. Post-secondary education may become a hobby for the leisured class—nobody else will be able to afford to go.

Their education cuts may backfire on them, though. Rather than accepting the cuts in the same way that they have accepted cuts in welfare benefits and social programmes, the residents of Kerrisdale, Point Grey and other unusually docile neighbourhoods have stood up and said "Hold it right there, bub." It took the activism of high school students in Kitimat and Vancouver to get things going—a little student direct action aimed at making the government realize that it can not kick the province's education system around without a bit of a fight.

During the 16th century and on throughout European history the crowds were able to call on something historians call the 'moral economy of the crowd.' That is, whenever a service considered to be an essential was denied or altered (such food, protection or legal services), it was considered within the legal and moral right of the people of that town or state to riot, and to demand that the service be restored. The Socreds may find themselves the deserving victims of this kind of 'rough justice' —hopefully until all rights in this province—the right to a decent standard of living, to food and shelter and education—are restored. The education cuts do not stand alone—they are part of a New Reality that threatens to harm us all.

—*K.K.*

# PIRATE RADIO

All the radio you listen to is licensed. The airwaves are applied for, regulated, bought and paid for through several federal licensing agencies; meaning that there are limitations on what you can and can't hear, say and play. The myth of the airwaves being open to anyone is just that—a myth. As one radio station owner told me as I pounded out news copy for him, "Baby, an FM radio license in this country is a license to print money."

But there is a kind of broadcasting that differs from this rigidly regulated kind. Pirate radio stations are doing to heavily-financed radio what home taping is hopefully doing to the mainstream music industry—killing it. All over the world hundreds of illegal radio transmitters pound out programming and information important to people, programming that has something very different to say than the heavily regulated mainstream programming found squeaking out of most radios and receivers.

Vancouver papers were agog last month with stories of a pirate radio operation in Burnaby. Two days into the new year the Department of Communications raided a small transmitter site in an apartment building in Burnaby. Inside they found and subsequently carted away a transmitter, antenna and radio equipment worth about $5,000. The station had been broadcasting since 1979 from various locations, playing the kind of music that "nobody plays," with a music policy ranging from The Doors to Culture Club and Hank Williams and everything in between. The station broadcast on 90 FM on the weekends with a 50-watt transmitter and a $600 transmitter antenna set up on the balcony of the 17th floor of an apartment building at Nelson and Kingsway in Burnaby. (CITR has 49 watts.) And it pounded out its programming on weekends to listeners as far away as Chilliwack, Victoria and Ferndale, Washington, until the Federal De-

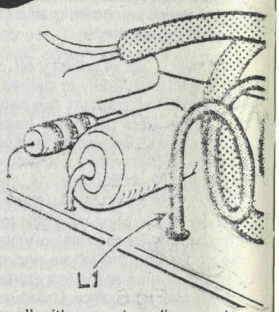
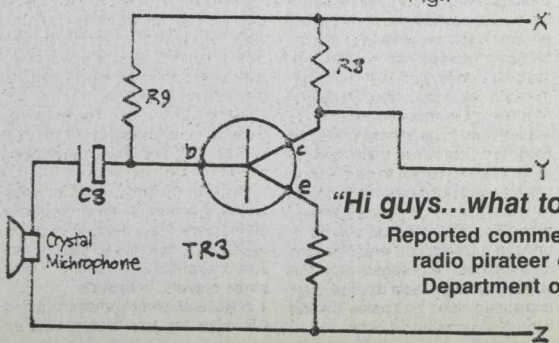



Fig.7




***"Hi guys...what took you so long?"***

**Reported comment of Busted Burnaby radio pirateer on being busted by Department of Communications**

partment of Communications, one of two licensing agencies, shut it down.

The Burnaby operation was just a small link in an international net of pirate radio stations. In many European countries the only radio available is state radio, much like the CBC, which broadcasts only state-sanctioned music and information programming. Some countries also have monopoly radio, a corporate entity controlling radio & TV broadcasting, which means that information from community and political groups and those opposed to whatever the state has to say does not get on the air. One only has to think of the strict controls the BBC puts on the music they choose to play to see an example of state control in rock and roll (i.e. Split Enz, Sex Pistols). The term "pirate" comes from the first well-known pirate station, Radio Caroline, which broadcast from a boat off the English coast.

At issue is the question of who should control and regulate the airwaves, if anyone *should* at all. Should the airwaves not be open to anyone who wants to broadcast? Most pirate radio stations are community based, bringing an instant accountability and accessibility to their programming. Their community base means the programmers are in constant contact with their audience. Most pirate stations are also politically and socially active, not only providing air access and training for groups normally shut out of the mainstream media, but also taking a direct and active role in organizing and actions. Often pirate stations come on out of the blue: some have regular broadcast times, others just come on, their broadcast times having been passed through the community by word of mouth. The irregular broadcast times are a precaution against police tracking and subsequent arrest: pirate radio, especially in Europe and Central America, is not just a fun hobbie.

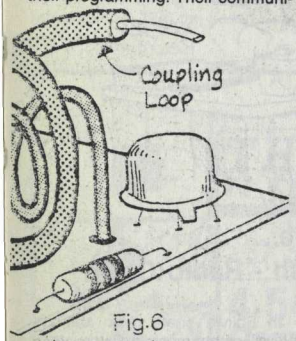


Fig.6

So, what do you do if you live in, say, Frankfurt, West Germany, and you're sick of the radio the state has to offer. Say you're involved with an anarchist organization or a punk band and can't get your information or your music on the air. What do you do? You can, as a friend of mine did, set up your own radio station.

The station was called Radio Is No Good, and was based in a downtown Frankfurt neighbourhood. The transmitter was built from parts purchased locally, following instructions published in an international underground magazine. The transmitter was not located in one stable, unchanging location but was driven around in the back of a van. In Germany the penalty for broadcasting pirate signals is up to 5 years in prison, as radio is tightly controlled and financed by the state. Radio Is No Good broadcast very sporadically, cutting in on local FM signals to broadcast either news of upcoming demonstrations or rallies, or interviews with local political activists and community people. The station also aired local independent punk and alternative music, and tried to bring listeners music from across Europe and around the world. Each week it broadcast at a different day but usually at the same time, trying to get as much information out as possible before having to shut down.

Radio Is No Good saw radio and audio communication as the most important organizing tool. Radio is an immediate medium, meaning you hit your audience immediately with the information. The station saw radio as a cheap and fairly easy way to reach the people they wanted to reach, to give them information to act with and to give them strategies for action. They used their transmitter to get people out to demonstrations, to give out directions to rallies, to warn people of police harrassment. The station was also used by underground political organizations to broadcast messages that the state-controlled media refused to air, explaining their rationales behind various actions and events.

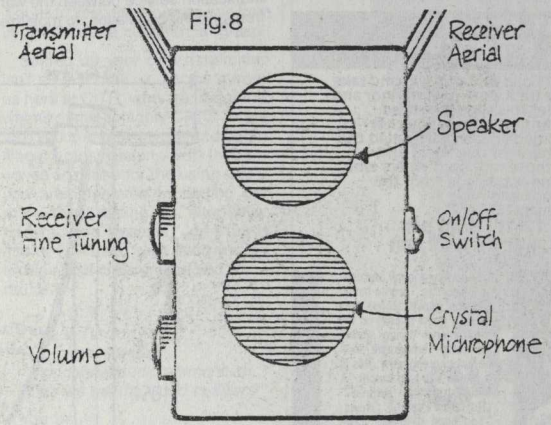


Fig.8

Needless to say, Radio Is No Good was *not* on the local authority's top ten faves list. The police had tried for some time to shut the station down, but had never been able to find the source of the broadcasts. Radio Is No Good decided one day that they had enough fun and that it was time to get caught.

The police tracked their signal down to the outskirts of Frankfurt. They found themselves stopping at the front door of an abanonded sausage factory. In the door they smashed, guns and riot gear at the ready, expecting nothing less than a full scale crazed anarchist mob. Nothing. Up the stairs they roared, helmets and night sticks clanking as they raced up the long flight. Another door was easy work for their batons and hammering and pounding fists. They kicked their way into the room, only to find a long buffet table, laid with a white linen cloth and full of all kinds of food. Members of the alternative straight media were there, taking copious notes. At the side of the table a small reel-to-reel machine played a taped message cautioning listeners that this may be the last time that Radio Is No Good would be heard. And across the wall directly behind the table a long white banner stretched, bearing the greeting "Welcome Police."

As far as I know, Radio Is No Good still broadcasts every so often in Frankfurt. They have never been caught by the police.

Radio Is No Good is not an isolated experience. In West Germany alone there are a number of pirate operations, including stations like Radio Paranoia in Berlin. Other pirate operations include:

• in Holland, pirate transmitters and CB radios are used to communicate between groups of people squatting in abondoned housing, or squats. The communication links are used to warn people of the approach of the authorities or possible busts by the police. . .

• In Switzerland pirate broadcasting first began in 1975. Police often jam station signals but the popularity of the stations and their numbers has forced the Swiss government to finally set up an experimental system of community radio stations patterned along the pirate models.

• In Scotland there is a myriad of non-state owned broadcasting. There are two university stations, plus a number of pirate operations that mainly broadcast music.

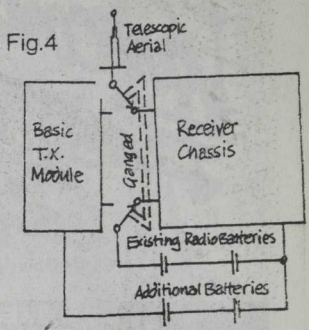


Fig.4

***"Pirates on the airwaves. . . we're just pirates on the airwaves..."***
**Pauline Black**

• In Ireland pirate radio operations have been running for the past three years, broadcasting music and news.

• In England the most famous of the pirate stations are Radio Caroline and Radio Jackie, two stations that seek open access channels. Both stations progamme music that the Beeb won't air. Rumour had it that Radio Caroline, which broadcasts from a boat off the English coast, had sunk during a storm, but reliable British sources say it has resur-

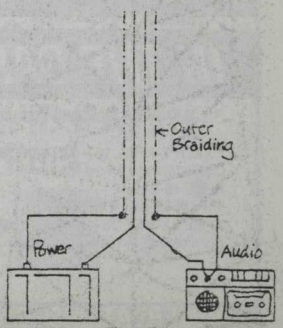


Fig. 5

# Vancouver East Cultural Centre

1895 Venables at Victoria Drive

## GREAT SCOTT! IT'S RICK!

RICK SCOTT and his hot new band take the stage for a week of vim, vigor and vaudeville! This super talented Vancouver musician/songwriter/actor/comedian has been called the "Jimi Hendrix of dulcimer" and "One of those rare performers who truly could act a page from the phone book and make it entertaining."

**March 12-16, 8:30 pm**

**Special Kids' Show, March 16, 2 pm**

## DANNY GROSSMAN DANCE COMPANY

Completely original and captivating, this Toronto-based modern dance troupe has made a major impact on the international dance scene. For gutsy, remarkable, exuberant choreography, this is a dance show to catch! "A mind-stretching surprise." (Buffalo Evening News) "Too good to miss!" (The Vancouver Sun)

**March 19-23 8:30 pm**

## NANCY WHITE

The VECC & VFMF present: Canada's all-round bitch goddess of the great White north. NANCY WHITE is a singer/songwriter of great power and charm, a must-see for all who dare! "...without a doubt a national treasure: funny, smart, sexy and childlike all at once." (Globe & Mail)

**March 26-30, 8:30 pm**

## COMING UP!

- La La La Human Steps
- Haru Ichiban
- Karen Jamieson Dance Company

## IN THE GALLERY

**'TIL MARCH 6 — GORDON FERGUSON**
Acrylic paintings
**MARCH 7-APRIL 14 — ANTHONY BLICQ**
Oil Pastels and Mixed Media
**APRIL 15-21 — JAPANESE ART EXHIBIT**
**APRIL 22-MAY 26 — MOIRA ELLIOTT**
Acrylics and Mixed Media

*Each month, the VECC GALLERY features the work of local and visiting visual artists. Open from 10-6 Monday through Saturday and noon-6 Sunday — or, stroll through when attending a performance.*

**RESERVATIONS: 254-9578**


faced.

Just playing the music no one else will touch is not the only rationale behind the pirate radio. In many countries, radio is used in liberation struggles to educate, inform and to mobilize often largely illiterate populations about the events and issues of war. In El Salvador Radio Venceremos is a communication link used to educate and mobilize the Salvadoreans. It started in 1981 in order to serve as a communication service between the war front and the population, to mobilize the people and to protect them in the event of the frequent army attacks. The pirate station broadcasts on 3 frequencies 3 times a day, and is both educational and military. The broadcasts are done by a five-person team, Radio Venceremos is under constant military attack and there have been several bombings aimed at shutting the transmitter down.

In one of the liberated zones, Morazan province, and in two others, Radio Venceremos provides broadcasts as part of the development of a new society. In 1983 Radio Venceremos launched a fundraising campaign to raise $35,000 to buy a new transmitter that will not be as easy for police and state authorities to jam.

In other countries pirate broadcasts have begun to counteract repressive measures taken against community radio. In Guatemala community radio personnel—hosts, producers, and technicians—were executed by the police, and all station equipment confiscated. Nevertheless, over the past year, a pirate transmission has surfaced which jams all presidential addresses and broadcasts. A group in North America and Europe is working to raise funds to set up free radios in Guatemala.

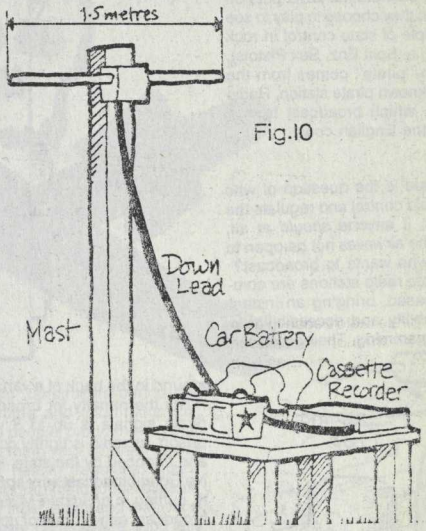



Fig.10

***"This is Radio Clash/ On pirate satellite..."***

**Clash - Radio Clash**

In Bolivia pirate radio stations have been operating at the country's tin mines since 1940. The stations broadcast messages, information and music between the mining camps. They are union owned and are often the victims of owner and state violence. In Argentina a group of exiled journalists set up a pirate transmitting station in Costa Rica, where the government allowed them to broadcast into Argentina. Called Radio Noticias del Continentas, the station lasted from 1979 to 1981 when it was destroyed by state forces. The group of journalists had been exiled because of writing and broadcasting opposed the the repressive practices of a government much like that of General Pinochet in Chile. Over the past five years over 30,000 people have 'disappeared' in Argentina, people opposed or

perceived to have been opposed to the dictatorship.

In Poland, a pirate radio station known to the West as Radio Solidarnosc, recently began rebroadcasting after being shut down by the Polish government. The station surfaces to urge Poles to take to the streets, or to prepare for general strikes, in the name of trade union freedom.

Often pirate radio will pave the way for government-sanctioned community broadcasting. The Swiss example has already been mentioned. In France pirate radio flourished during the student strikes of May 1968. When the socialist government of Francois Mitterand was elected in France in 1981 all 'pirate radio stations' were legalized. The government is currently authorizing close to 50 of those stations, with an attempt to provide for inclusion of various special interest and constituency groups—but others not officially sanctioned will be forced underground. Mitterand himself had been involved in underground radio during the May 1968 events—perhaps he felt he had a debt to pay his pals in pirate radio?

In Italy pirate radio began in earnest in 1968 through the student movement. In 1976 the Italian Supreme Court ruled that the government monopoly on the airwaves was illegal and that the government had no right to control, regulate or sell the airwaves. Now in Italy anyone can broadcast—all one needs is a transmitter and some stereo equipment.

So the Burnaby operation was just one of a global network of airwave anarchists—people taking control of the air and using it to their own advantages. Whether it be for musical or political freedom pirate radio continues to keep the airwaves free from legislative and commercial grasp.

Setting up your own transmitter isn't all that difficult. Far be it from us here at CITR, who are under the whims of the almighty CRTC, to advise you to break the law and begin illegal transmission. But the airwaves are there for the using and if you are interested in finding out more about setting up "alternative transmission systems," drop us a line at CITR and we'll send you an article about underground and pirate radio.

*"This is Radio Clash/*
*On pirate satellite...*
*Using aural/audio ammunition...*
*Can we get the world to listen?"*

You bet.

Kandace Kerr

THE TOWN PUMP
66 WATER STREET · GASTOWN · 683-6695

MARCH LINE-UP

the big music WITH ROOM TO MOVE

SPOTLIGHT 85

1·two: VOX Phantom

4·54/40 & Grapes of Wrath

5· 3 Spotlight bands T.V. taping

6· FINALS

7·9 Rubber Biscuit

11·13 BIG RED TRUCK with guests BLISS PIVOTS

14·16 DANNY TRIPPER

7th TOWN PUMPS ANNIVERSARY PARTY

18·19 PASSPORT RECORDING ARTISTS TRUE WEST

20· SOMETHING SPECIAL t.b.a.

twenty·one til 23 DAVID WILCOX

25· bb Gabor

26·27 t.b.a.

28·30 DAVID RAVEN with Lori Paul

REVOLUTIONS records & tapes

For the success of Spotlight 85 THANKS TO C-FOX — The Province — LG73

AND ALL THE BANDS AND THOSE WHO SAW THEM

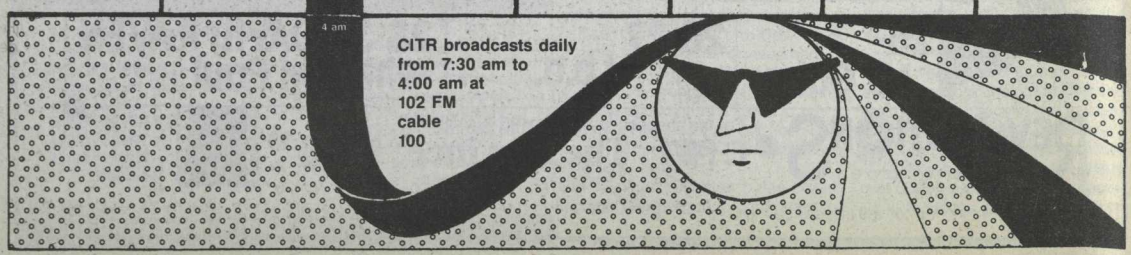
MOVIE THURSDAY
REPO-MAN
ROCK N ROLL HIGHSCHOOL

# CITR - FM 102 cable 100

# PROGRAM GUIDE

*A guide to CITR* FM 102 cable 100

| SAT | SUN | | MON | TUE | WED | THU | FRI |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | 7:30 | | WAKE UP REPORT WITH NEWS SPORTS AND WEATHER | | | |
| | | 8:00 | | | | | |
| | | 8:35 | GENERIC REVIEW | GENERIC REVIEW | GENERIC REVIEW | GENERIC REVIEW | GENERIC REVIEW |
| | MUSIC OF OUR TIME | 9:00 | PUBLIC AFFAIRS | PUBLIC AFFAIRS | PUBLIC AFFAIRS | PUBLIC AFFAIRS | PUBLIC AFFAIRS |
| | | 9:43 | INSIGHT EDITORIAL | INSIGHT EDITORIAL | INSIGHT EDITORIAL | INSIGHT EDITORIAL | INSIGHT EDITORIAL |
| | | 10:00 | | MORNING REPORT WITH NEWS SPORTS AND WEATHER | | | |
| | | 11:00 | | LECTURE SERIES | | LECTURE SERIES | |
| NEWS | NEWS | NOON | | | | | |
| THE NEW EXTENDED PLAYLIST SHOW | SUNDAY BRUNCH | | | LUNCH REPORT WITH NEWS SPORTS AND WEATHER | | | |
| | THE ROCKERS SHOW | 1:00 | | | | | |
| | | 2:00 | | | | | |
| | TUNES-R-US | 3:00 | | | | | |
| AFRICAN SHOW | | 4:00 | SPORTS | SPORTS | SPORTS | SPORTS | SPORTS |
| AFRICAN FEATURE | | 5:00 | | | PARTY WITH ME, PUNKER | | |
| SATURDAY MAGAZINE | SUNDAY MAGAZINE | 6:00 | GENERIC REVIEW | GENERIC REVIEW | GENERIC REVIEW | GENERIC REVIEW | GENERIC REVIEW |
| | | 6:13 | INSIGHT EDITORIAL | INSIGHT EDITORIAL | INSIGHT EDITORIAL | INSIGHT EDITORIAL | INSIGHT EDITORIAL |
| PROPAGANDA! | FOLK INT'L | 7:00 | | DINNER REPORT WITH NEWS SPORTS AND WEATHER | | | |
| HIGH PROFILE | SUNDAY NIGHT LIVE | 8:00 | HIGH PROFILE | | | | |
| | | 9:00 | JAZZ SHOW | | | | THE BIG SHOW |
| | FAST FORWARD | 10:00 | | | | | |
| #1 PLAYLIST ALBUM | | 11:00 | JAZZ FEATURE | RANDOM CACOPHONY | | MEL BREWER PRESENTS | |
| | | MID NIGHT | JAZZ SHOW | | THE MID SHOW | | |
| THE VISITING PENGUINS SHOW | LIFE AFTER BED | 1:00 | BROADWAY IN EXILE | PLAY LOUD | UNCONTROL-LABLE DEVIANCE | | THE NIGHT AFTER |
| | | 2:00 | | | | | |
| | | 3:00 | | | | | |
| | | 4 am | | | | | |



# CITR FM 102 CABLE 100 PROGRAM GUIDE

**African Show**
(Saturday 4:00 pm-6 pm)
A program featuring African music and culture. Every week, with news, current events and local African music events. Feature at 11 p.m.: specific artists, the music of specific African countries.

African music events. Feature at 5:00: specific

*March 2* - Airhead analysis; Story time—How Turl Built a Femfataltron...by Stanislaw Lem.
*March 9* - Interview—Canadian Hostelling Assoc. (low-budget travelling in Canada & the World)
*March 16* - 8 pm - Revenge of the Words—live recorded poetry from the Pitt International Pt. I
*March 23* - 8 pm - Revenge of the Words—live recorded poetry from the Pitt International Pt. II
Plus the usual eclectic mix of Today in History, interviews, reviews, music, humour, spoken word.

**Broadway In Exile**
(Tuesday 12:30 am-4 am/late night Monday)
Radio for people living on the outside of society. Hosted by Jerome Broadway.

**Fast Forward**
(Sunday 9:00 pm-1 am)
The latest in the exciting and vibrant world of experimental, independent, minimalist, electronic, avant garde stuff. Actually, this program is yet another alternative to CITR's general "alternative" sound. Keep abreast of independent cassette releases around the world, as well as listening for rare live recordings or more well known non-mainstream artists. Hosted by Mark Mushet.

**Folk International**
(Sunday 6:30 p.m-8 pm)
Traditional folk music from Canada and around the world Hosted by Lawrence Kootnikoff.

**Generic Review**
(Weekdays at 8:35 am and 5:35 pm.
Also on Saturday and Sunday Magazine)
A critique of local entertainment, theatrical events, movies, and exhibits.

**High Profile**
(Monday through Saturday 8 pm)
Spotlighting one artist's music and career. Refer to High Profile listing for artists.

**Insight**
(Weekdays 9:43 am and 6:13 pm)
An editorial comment on current issues open to [illegible] community. If you have something to say, call 228-3017, ask for Doug Richards.

**Jazz Show**
(Monday 9:00 pm-12:30 am)
An evening of varied traditional and avant garde jazz on one of Vancouver's longest running all-jazz programs. Now that C-JAZ has become "FM97" this is one of the only places you can hear jazz on the radio before midnight. Hosted each week by Gavin Walker. Feature albums, artists, interviews at 11 p.m.

**Life After Bed**
(Monday 1 am-4 am/late night Sunday)
All kinds of awakening sounds for night crawlers and insomniacs. Hosted by Garnett Harry.

**Mel Brewer Presents**
(Thursday 11 pm)
A program featuring exclusively the newest and best in local talent with new demo tapes, live interviews with groups and local music figures, debuts of new released and lotsa hot juicy gossip.

**The Mid-show**
(Wednesday Midnight-1 am)
The Mid-Show presents a diverse and sound fluid mesh, from candy to explicit, engineering a release ghetto. Directed by the magnetic loneliness of audio art, video art, poetry, prose and indigenous music, the movie soundtracks, young and old pop and rock, foreign lingo hits and country jostle about looking for conversation. Listen in and get a piece of the action. Hosted by John Anderson.

**Music Of Our Time**
(Sunday 8 am-12 pm)
Music of the 20th century in the classical tradition. Hosted by Ken Jackson, Jay Leslie and Sandra Thacker.

**The New Extended Playlist Show**
(Saturday 12:15 pm-4 pm)
Okay, everyone wants to be new, to be hip and to be just a little ahead of their time. Cut the jive and swath through the spectrum of popular music and put yourself in touch with what is really happening Now. Listen to the latest local demo tapes and the newest singles, EPs and LPs from Canada, the USA and from around the world that are on the CITR playlists, and even those that aren't. Join Michael Shea every Saturday afternoon for four hours of the latest, the greatest, the unforgettable and the never heard from again.

**News and Sports** (Weekdays)
Local, national, and international news and sports. News and sports reports at 8 am, 10 am, 1 pm, and 6 pm. Newsbreak and Sportsbreak at 3:30 pm and 4:30 pm. On Saturday and Sunday, regular newscasts air at 12:00 noon

**Propaganda!**
(Saturday 6:30 pm-9:30 pm)
Listeners: this is *your* show—if you want to do or hear something on **Propaganda!** write to **Propaganda!**, c/o CITR, 6138 SUB Boulevard, UBC, Vancouver, B.C., V6T 2A5. Also, we want listener feedback on our documentary, German Mail, so that we can forward it to the producer. Please write in to the address above, or phone us at 228-CITR while we're on the air.
This month:
**German Mail,** a six-hour documentary in twelve ½-hour parts on the German underground, non-commercial music scene. Strong political content. Parts 5-9.
*March 2* - Airhead analysis; Story time—How Trurl Built a Femfataltron...by Stanishlaw Lem.
*March 9* - Interview—Canadian Hostelling Assoc. (low-budget travelling in Canada & the World)
*March 16* - 8 pm - Revenge of the Words—live recorded poetry from the Pitt International Pt. I
*March 16* - 8 pm - Revenge of the Words—live recorded poetry from the Pitt International Pt. II
Plus the usual eclectic mix of Today in History, interviews, reviews, music, humour, spoken word.

**Party With Me, Punker!**
(Wednesday 4:30-5:30 pm)
For punk music aficionados: a solid hour of exclusive punk tunes, live cuts and info from the earliest punk to the latest hardcore; everything from The Stooges to G.B.H. Hosted by Mike Dennis.
*March 6* - Arizona Punk Bands
*March 13* - Deadcats Interview (live)
*March 20* - Anti-Reagan Songs
*March 27* - Black Flag Rarities

**Play Loud**
(Wednesdays 1 am-4 am/Late night Tuesday)
...dedicated to the creation of most of the world's problems. The final word in musical pleasure through pain. Music especially designed for headphone listening or (alternatively) for killing your houseplants. Of particular interest to deranged vivisectionists, industrial/ experimental addicts and those who like to dance on the thin line between art and noise. Aural surgery performed by Larry Thiessen.

**Public Affairs**
(Weekdays 9 am-9:30 am)
Current events, issues of local interest and

# REGULAR PROGRAMS

sports. Monday, Wednesday and Friday shows will feature either live interviews or in-depth coverage of a wide range of topics including social problems and programs, political events and community access programs. Time is available for groups to prepare their own shows. (For more info, call Diane at 228-3017.)
Tuesdays and Thursdays are sports shows. Tuesday's program, "Pulse on Intramurals," will on a weekly basis explore the world of UBC's intramurals program which, incidently, is the largest such program in Canada. While Thursday's show, "Sports Unlimited," will feature heavy to lighter and more general sports topics. (For more info, call Mike Perley at 228-3017.)

**Random Cacophony**
(Tuesday 11 pm-1 am)
The second radio show in the history of civilization dedicated to solving all of the world's problems.

**Rockers**
(Sunday 1 pm-3 pm)
The latest and best in toasting, rockers, dub and straight forward reggae. Hosted by George Barrett.

**Saturday and Sunday Magazine**
(Saturday & Sunday at 6 pm)
Weekend magazine shows presenting special news, sports and entertainment features.

**Sunday Night Live**
(Sunday 8 pm)
From the archives of CITR, vinyl heroes captured on tape in their truest element—the live performance. This 45-minute special is hosted by Jason Grant and Vijay Sondhi.

**Uncontrollable Deviance**
(Thursday 1 am-4 am/late night Wednesday)
A show devoted to music that might be considered "non-traditional." Everything from the Angelic Upstarts to the Zero Boys is played, with plenty of thrash, skate, hardcore, metal, post-punk, oi and great bands in-between. Local bands are welcome to send in any material they wany played. Requests and any other input is encouraged. Hosted by Andrea Garnier.

**The Visiting Penguins Show**
(Sunday 1 am-4 pm/late night Saturday)
Your hosts the Funkmaster and the Screaming Vegetable present three hours of disorganization, lunacy, Penguin trivia and, oh yeah, some music too!

**Where The Action Is**
(Wednesday 9 pm-11 pm)
A fun-filled two hours, featuring local record dealers and collectors, along with some of their more obscure vinyl. Hosted by Janis Mckenzie and Brent Argo. If you have music to share or want more information on the show, write to:- ACTION, c/o CITR radio.

## HOW TO IMPROVE RECEPTION

Because CITR is a low power FM radio station, many of our listeners have difficulty properly picking up our signal. One of the easiest ways to get better radio reception is by hooking your stereo up to your TV cable wire. CITR is available on cable FM at 100, in addition to the regular radio FM at 102. To hook up cable, you need to "jump" wire from the antennae/cable terminals on the back of the TV, across to the "300 ohm balanced FM" terminals on the back of your stereo.

Doing this yourself will piss off the cable company, because it's illegal, so maybe you should pay them 10 dollars a month for that bit of wire. Remember: home taping is also illegal.

## MARCH HIGH PROFILES

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Fri | 1 | Bad and Better covers |
| Sat | 2 | Wah (neglected cuts) |
| Mon | 4 | 3-hr. Non-Caucasian Music Special |
| Tues | 5 | The Shirelles |
| Wed | 6 | Ramones vs. Jacksons |
| Thur | 7 | Rational Youth |
| Fri | 8 | Songs You Would Rather Forget |
| Sat | 9 | Tones on Tail |
| Mon | 11 | TBA |
| Tues | 12 | The Contractions |
| Wed | 13 | More Guilty Pleasures |
| Thur | 14 | Au Pairs |
| Fri | 15 | Shut up and Play your guitar |
| Sat | 16 | Sports |
| Mon | 18 | TBA |
| Tues | 19 | The Lolita Record Label |
| Wed | 20 | Blind Lightning Washington |
| Thurs | 21 | Arts Underground-European Political Theatre |
| Fri | 22 | Now you see it, Now you don't |
| Sat | 23 | Special program |
| Mon | 25 | TBA |
| Tues | 26 | Rare Icicle Works |
| Wed | 27 | Ry Cooder |
| Thurs | 28 | Arts Undergound-European Political Theatre |
| Fri | 29 | Bon Bull's California |
| Sat | 30 | Little Richard |

# Membership Application

CITR

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AGE _____
ARE YOU A UBC STUDENT? Y N
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**6138 SUB Boulevard**
**Vancouver, B.C.**
**V6T 2A5**

# House of Commons

## Parliamentary correspondent Chuck Reeve

When hardcore music first gained a foothold in Vancouver the scene as a whole was extremely active. The bands which did manage to stick around long enough to play two or three shows tended to change so much that all that really remained constant from show to show was the name of the band, with members coming and going in rapid succession.

But that state of flux was replaced with a gradually solidifying stasis which formed around a couple of the more permanent bands, such as D.O.A. and the Subhumans. This was the situation until about two years ago, when there was a sudden surge of new faces into the local hardcore scene, and a second generation of Vancouver punk bands emerged, separate from the core that had formed around the first generation of groups.

At the front of this second generation was **House of Commons,** a band led by Andrew Challinor. It seemed at the time that the new burst of energy stemmed from frustration which new bands experienced when they found it difficult to break into the established hardcore scene. House of Commons was the first band to stand on its own, away from the first generation's sphere of influence. But Challinor is reluctant to acknowledge himself as a leader of any sort of "new guard," instead attributing the rise of a second generation of hardcore music to initiative on the part of the individual bands.

"There are more bands around that want to play so much, that even if they don't get put on a bill with a band like D.O.A. they make their own gigs," he says. "As well, there are people around Vancouver that will promote gigs with up-and-coming bands. We were lucky enough to get a record out, and that got us instant attention from the local scene. It could've been anyone else. We don't think of ourselves as being way out in front of anyone else, because we know that there is talent out there."

Like all new bands, House of Commons had their growing pains. The band went through a number of line-up changes. Did the band succumb to ideological differences? Not really.

"When the band first started out, one person was living on Vancouver Island and the rest of the band lived in Vancouver, so it just didn't work out," explains Challinor. "Taking the ferry back and forth gets pretty expensive."

A second major re-organization took place late last year with the band as it was giving its last performance in December at the York Theatre.

Although Challinor claims that the band originally started just as "something for entertainment," it is clear that the band performs a function to which he attached a great deal of importance.

"Bands should make it known what their thoughts are about certain issues," he says, "but without having to support certain political parties, socialist or otherwise." And he feels that speaking out is, as much as ever, a major aim not only of House of Commons, but of punk bands in general.

"There are still people trying to get messages across, but it's not just D.O.A. anymore. It's all these new bands in town. People should be more open minded," he continues, "and I don't see that happening too much in music, except in punk rock. Heavy metal bands don't seem to concern themselves too much with issues because it's not fashionable for them. They're more concerned with the musical and lyrical style, than with what they're actually saying. Hopefully that will turn around. I'm sure that a lot of people don't agree with the way things are being run, but they don't come right out and say it because it's still not an acceptable thing to do."

Challinor has strong feelings about the problem of racism, and he expresses his concern in songs like "American Patriot" and "Way Down South." And although the songs themselves may appear to be intolerant in the way that they focus on the United States, Challinor points out that both the songs and the problems extend beyond the U.S. boundaries.

"I think racism is one of the biggest sicknesses mankind has," he says. "The song 'American Patriot' might have a kind of anti-American attitude, but we're not putting them down. It's just knocking the attitude that the U.S. has. They seem to be a pretty chaotic race of people and who knows where they're going to take everyone else who's along side them, which happens to be Canada, and the whole West in general."

And although he feels Canada has the same type of problem, Challinor notes, "America seems to make it more evident because they're always in the focus of the media."

Challinor acknowledges that punk might lack the impact of outrage it once had. "It's not quite the outrage it used to be. There aren't pictures of bands around town, except for D.O.A. Punk has sort of become an accepted thing, part of teenagers and music. Bands just have to go ahead and get their music out, put their ideas across. But people are now there who are going to listen to it."

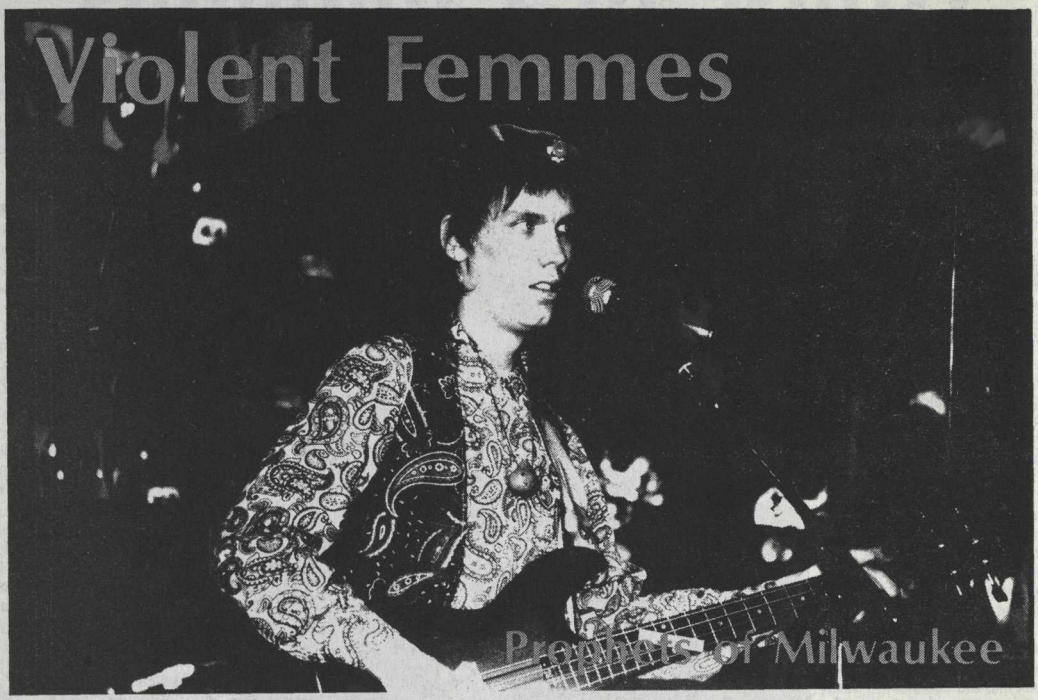
In the wake of House of Commons' regrouping, Challinor is quietly optimistic about HOC and its future. The band has been reformed, with Tom Bruce (who played with HOC at the Dead Kennedys' concert) playing bass, and a drummer from Denver named Brad. The band will play as a three-piece until a new guitarist can be found, but Challinor is already talking of going into the studio, of a possible tour, and he speaks enthusiastically about playing away from Vancouver, and the positive response the band received when it played in California about one year ago.

"The kids really get into the music," he says, "and are quite responsive to the bands. The turnouts are larger than up here, especially in places like L.A. and San Francisco. There is a lot of awareness of what the songs are about, but there are airheads too, people going out to gigs just to jump around without really giving any thought to what the whole thing is about."

Although Challinor expresses an optimism about his own band, he doesn't limit his enthusiasm to House of Commons. He cites No MeansNo as a good band that "could really do well if they stick together," and noted there are other local bands, like The Fitz and Death Sentence, which show promise.

"Whether the scene grows depends on how serious bands are at what they're doing. The future is there for them if they want to work at it. At one point it becomes not just a hobby, it's what you're doing all the time. It becomes your future, and you have to make a living off it. And if you're going to do that, you have to work at it."

# Violent Femmes




The Violent Femmes story has all the ingredients of a Boy's Own comic book: three rootsy fellas with a love of music havin' a good ol' time buskin' on the streets of Milwaukee, not botherin' no one, jus' makin' enough dough t'pay the rent—if that. Then along comes this chick that plays with this new wave band, The Pretenders, pokes her nose in, decides she likes 'em and whooosh, before you can say 'rags to riches,' she's convinced our erstwhile unsuspecting yokels to try an' make a typically dishonest living in the established music biz.

Going on the Violent Femmes subsequent success it can be safely said that this is just about the best thing that Chrissie Hynde ever did for music. . .

The band's first self-titled album was inflicted upon the world in the middle of '83. It was a time when their label, Slash, seemed to be conspiring with the likes of Rank and File, The Gun Club and The Blasters to revive the traditions of American music: country, blues and rockabilly. The Violent Femmes, too, were revivalists of a sort, although what exactly they were reviving I wasn't too sure about at the time. I guess it was the above three genres, as well as folk, jazz, bluegrass and (anti-)gospel.

As well as reviving they were inventing. Mischief Rock. Post-Adulthood Puberty-Pop. Quirk-Punk. Was Gordon Gano Jonathan Richman's older, lascivious brother? They amused, teased, offended— and confused. Where were they at? Were they serious or tongue-in-cheek? Were they singing their masturbatory fantasies in a mid-adolescent time-warp? Were they sexist, racist? With the Violent Femmes, as with many aspects of a 'democratic' society in the 'free' West, All is not what it seems. . .

'All' includes their second album, *Hallowed Ground,* and some singles, "Ugly," "Gimme the Car," "It's Gonna Rain," "Tears Gone By," "Gone Daddy Gone," "Add It Up" to name the biggies. All told, it would seem that The Violent Femmes are not evangelists of frustrated teenage Americana; rather, they are it's antagonists. They gleefully poke fun at the habits and attitudes of the world's favorite species of pig: the common or garden White American Male.

In the week that they played at the Luv-A-Fair, the land of the free (enterprise) and the home of the slave inaugurated a senile member of this species as president for a second term, an individual who *Blackout* magazine so aptly describes as a 'pathological liar. . .a man whose mental lapses have been displayed before millions, who can't stay awake to run the government he's nominally in charge of.' America loves a media event. It loves to show off its lunacy.

"The inauguration of a president as lunacy depends on how much of a lunatic the president is," says bassist Brian Ritchie. "In this cse I'd say there's a fairly high level of lunacy involved. We were out of the country at the time (of the election) so we couldn't vote. Last time most of the band voted for Gus Holland and Angela Davis—the Communist party."

He adds that four of the six musicians touring now would have voted Communist. Despite this, lyricist and singer Gordon Gano tends to avoid direct politics in the band's material, choosing instead to comment on specific aspects of American life. In a way this approach is more effective: Joe and Josephine Public usually need something simple and immediate to clue in to. Unfortunately, this approach could also be too subtle. It's quite possible that there are many Violent Femmes fans who miss the point, fans to whom this is 'just a weirdo band singing funny songs.' Given the mischievous nature of the 'weirdo' band, I would suspect that they're having a quiet snigger at these people too.

The Violent Femmes are not the engineers. They are the protesters.

"The band isn't too happy about the American political system," Ritchie declares. "It's obvious what's wrong with it and we recognize that — unlike most Americans."

Despite his convictions, Ritchie shows a detached weariness towards American politics. Especially now. He's hungry. "Know of any good Indian restaurants around here?" he asks. I stare at him blankly for a moment and then reply to the negative.

"The whole band really likes Indian food, really hot," comments Sigmund Snopek III, the keyboardist who provided one of the many moments of comic relief during the concert by coming on wearing a chef's paper bag on his head and singing the first few bars of "A Whiter Shade of Pale" before the band abruptly interrupted it to launch into another song. He is one of the ones who would have voted Communist. He is also one of the three Horns of Dilemma who have joined Ritchie, Gano and drummer Victor de Lorenzo to form the current touring sextet. The others are saxaphonists Peter Balestrieri who played on the second album and Steve McKay, ex of Iggy Pop and the Stooges, Snake-

finger and Commander Cody.

"They're just our friends who happen to be travelling around with us," informs Ritchie.

. . .The Horns of Dilemma made a tiny stage look even smaller and closer to the audience, providing for a highly charged, packed, sweaty and raucous atmosphere— the best type for most concerts but especially for bands like the Violent Femmes.

"It's hard to take it too seriously," declares the tall, blond-haired bassist. "There's a lot of musicians who take themselves seriously. We take the music seriously but you gotta have fun with it. I mean, our *job* is to have fun." Thanks Brian, nice work if you can get it. He continues, "Basically, we're paid to go on stage and have fun and make fools of ourselves in front of a thousand, two thousand people every night; so if we took it too seriously it might hurt the show and it would hurt the music itself."

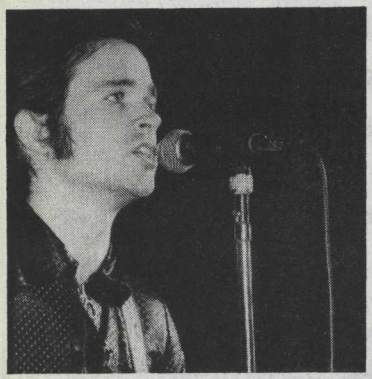
It's an interesting way of looking at it, and it made me wonder whether I would be willing to make a fool of myself for money. I decided it would depend on how much it paid. How much *does* it pay, Brian?

"Well. . ." He pauses. "We make a living." He laughs, pleased with himself at having evaded the question. "None of us have a lot of money in the bank but none of us are starving either."

Ah.

Actually, Ritchie isn't altogether correct. They *are* starving. The decision is made that I am to lead them to a restaurant that serves good Indian food. Somehow, I avoid telling them that there is no such *restaurant* in the world, and shortly thereafter we find ourselves esconced in an establishment at Granville and Helmcken.

"Y'have to like Indian food or you can't be in the band," De Lorenzo confides. There's hope for their souls yet.



. . .Perhaps it was the fire in the food that ignited them on stage. They played all the biggies. The crowd-pleasers. The crowd was pleased. At various times various members of the band grinned oafishly as they played. They had a ball being oafish. They made oafishness an endearing quality. So did the audience. Too many audiences are content with the fickle desire to 'be there and be seen.' "Entertain me, why don't you." But entertainment, like all communication, is a two-way process; too many audiences underestimate the role they can play in making an event successful.

Fortunately, The Violent Femmes, like several other bands including The Cramps and ace crowd-movers The Specials, draw a better class of crowd.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At one stage Ritchie rolled his eyeballs, grimaced, foamed at the mouth and brandished his bass as a phallus in an outlandish caricature of heavy metal rock guitarists. After the second encore the audience refused to move off the dancefloor even as the music came pumping through the house speakers, and the band was screamed on for a third encore. As the disco music played again, Ritchie briefly air-guitared and lipsynced to it before flashing another grin and sauntering off. He had fun.

Ritchie informs me that a musician's lot isn't always a happy one. "For example, in the Mid-West, if you go into the unemployment office, they have no designation for 'unemployed musician.' 'Musician' isn't a profession according to the unemployment office. I think it's some sort of a plot . . . the music industry is a part of it too because they're not allowing . . ." He trails off to reassess what he wants to say. "About the only popular musician that's got any potential of causing a disruption in society today is probably Prince, but he's probably signed some sort of contract saying he won't do that. I think they're effectively squashing people to the point of . . . killing John Lennon, who was killed by a member of a conservative religious Christian sect.

"I don't frown on Christianity, I frown on the way Christianity is now being seriously abused by such people as Ronald Reagan. In his inauguration he had a minister there waving his arms around in the air and saying 'May Mr. Reagan's and God's minds be as one for the next four years. May Mr. Reagan realize his divine appointment.' This was at the inauguration! I think that this sort of violates the idea of the separation of church and state which America *supposedly* has but obviously doesn't. Christianity itself is much different today thanwhat Christians, or self-appointed Christians, are all about today."

*The prophet is a fool, the spiritual man is mad,*
*For the multitude of thine iniquities and the great hatred.*
*Everyone's tryin' to decide where to go when there's no place to hide,*
*I thought of the bombs as they're comin' down*
*This must have been Hallowed Ground.*

People have their doubts about The Violent Femmes. The Violent Femmes have their doubts about people.

***—Sukhvinder Johal***

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# VINYL VERDICT

## The Dial-A-Poem Poets

### Better An Old Demon Than An New God

### Giorno Poetry Systems (US)

Does anybody read anymore? Is the printed word headed for the boneyard of media? Gee, I hope not. You are, after all, reading this. You are reading this aren't you? Just checking.

On the other hand, if one were to observe the success of New York poet John Giorno one might be lead to conclude that the use of the printed word is some primeval tic sitting in the out-tray of evolution, waiting to be shredded. Giorno has prospered as a poet for the last decade and half by directing his attention away from the printed word and towards the pop-glamour of vinyl and the telelphone system. Giorno founded Dial-A-Poem, a service offering recorded readings of poetry and prose to anyone with a telephone or a dime (or, more recently, a quarter) in 1968. Shortly thereafter, he made the offerings of Dial-A-Poem available on vinyl, through the Giorno Poetry Systems Institute.

In retrospect, it makes perfect sense. With MacLuhan just catching his breath after rambling on about the medium and the message, and folks everywhere rambling on about Dylan (and for God's sake, The Beatles) being the voice of a generation, it was inevitable that it would occur to some poor schuck, hunched over a typewriter, *hoping* to be the voice of a generation, that giving readings in literary hangouts was not exactly the best way to go about it.

So much for the history lesson. Just let it be said that over the past fifteen years GPS has forged an interesting blend of music, poetry and prose, featuring the works of people like Laurie Anderson, Jim Carroll, Allen Ginsberg, William S. Burroughs, Glenn Branca, and Anne Waldeman, and made it available to the public.

That tradition continues with *Better An Old Demon Than a New God*. Within these grooves we have people known as musicians reading poetry, people known as poets singing (well, sort of singing) along with music, as well as others operating within their familiar territories.

Sometimes the crossover works. Lydia Lunch and Clint Ruin deliver a macabre bit of domestic drama that sounds like The Honeymooners in hell; Anne Waldeman sings "Uh Oh Plutonium," a post-accident chuckle; and Jim Carroll reads a junk-tinged grotesque burlesque entitled "A Peculiar Looking Girl."

And sometimes the crossover doesn't work: Richard Hell's "The Reverend Hell Gets Confused" is just sophomoric, while Giorno's own contribution is lost amid the thwack of drum machines and the aimless burblings of synthesizers.

Those who tread more familiar paths tend to fair better. Bill Burroughs wheezes his way through a fable about dinosaurs and the wonder of evolution, while David Johansen drops literary references in the upbeat "Imiaginatin' Cocktail." Also noteworthy are Meredith Monk's ethereal, wordless singing and Arto Lindsay's jagged guitar work.

*Better An Old Demon Than A New God* makes for varied listening, sometimes amusing, sometimes beautiful, sometimes funny and yes, occasionally stupid and pointless. On the whole, though, it's worth looking in to. Even if, as a friend remarked, it looks like it was put together at a junkie's reunion.

While you're at it, you might check out other GPS releases by writing to Giorno Poetry Systems Inc., 222 Bowery, New York, NY, 10012.

**—CD**

## David Lee Roth

### Crazy From The Heat (WB/USA)

Mark Mushet first introduced me to Van Halen back in 1979 right after a Ted Nugent concert at the Pacific Coliseum. This was indeed a genuine turning point in my life. Not a day went by without me playing "Running with the Devil", or air-guitaring every note along with "Eruption". Then came *Van Halen II*, "Women and Children First", "Fair Warning", "Diver Down", and then the ever-popular "1984".

Of course, during all this time Van Halen were rocketed from the smoke-filled clubs of Los Angeles to the coke-filled dressing rooms of coliseums across North America and the world.

I remember the first time I ever saw David Lee Roth in person. (Actually, it really wasn't me, but a close personal friend of mine who told me all about it.) He was walking through the Vancouver International Airport sporting the ugliest, green leather pants I'd ever seen, walking balls first, with Eddie by his side. I walked up to Mr. Roth and asked him for his autograph. However, I was so overwhelmed by the whole experience that I threw up all over his green leather pants. (Well, actually I didn't throw up on his pants, maybe

it was Eddie's—or maybe it was Barry Manilow's. Oh, never mind.) Anyway, it was a moving experience. And after all that I forgot to collect my autograph so I guess that I really am quite a loser. This did not, however, blur my thoughts of David Lee and the rest of Van Halen because I guess anyone can have bad taste in clothes.

So anyway, after all that I've been through I still think that David Lee is the epitome of cool. So, what about the album? Well, I can't actually say that I've heard it. I didn't get a copy before press time, but I'm sure it's great. If the Honeydrippers can put out an album of sentimental golden oldies, I guess David Lee can too. (And besides, have you seen the video?)

***— Garnett Harry***

## The Fuzztones

## Leave Your Mind at Home
## Midnight International (US)

*DO NOT JUDGE BY ANYTHING SEEN BEFORE Drums pound out strange sensual rythms (sic) recalling the pulsation of hearts that once beat in primordial Africa. Clothes are discarded, naked bodies jerk and writhe spasmodically in the throes of ancient passion.*

So say the Fuzztones on the cover of their new live mini-album. Oh pooh! This is misleading, because these comments should not apply to the Fuzztones (to the Cramps, yes). The Fuzztones (Rudi Protrudi, vocals and guitar; Deb O'Nair, ɜn; Elan Portnoy, guitar; Michael Jay, bass; ⊥lliot, drums) are a New York band some five years old, whose main claim to fame is that the band exclusively uses exceedingly cool Vox equipment. They have made a number of appearances on U.S. psychedelic underground compilations (including the excellent "Ward 81" on *The Rebel Kind).* Unfortunately this record does not live up to the previous promise.

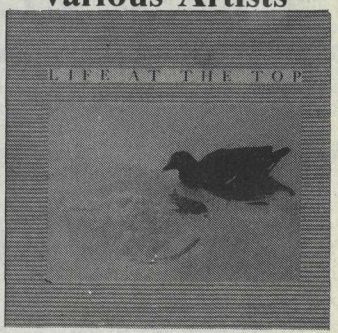
As it is a live disc in a musical style that does not favour well-recorded live discs, the recording quality is predictably miserable. This would be okay if the performance were good, but it is not. It sounds contrived. The basic criteria for a garage psychedelic band is to be (or sound like) jackoff greaseballs on acid, but these guys don't appear to be suffering genuine brain damage.

Some of the seven tracks are good, especially "No Friend of Mind," and "The Bag I'm In," but it's not a very good batting average or good value for money, especially because it could have been a lot better. For example, the Fuzztones' version of "Voices Green and Purple" has nothing on the original, by the Bees (on *Pebbles, Volume 3).*

I would suggest that potential new fans of this type of music check out the Cramps, the Fleshtones, or the Enigmas; or old stuff like the Sonics or the Thirteenth Floor Elevators before delving into this (preferably a friend's copy). Not only will you get material performed with more conviction, but also less fake hyperbole about the quality of the product in the liner notes to boot.

***—Rob Simms***

## Various Artists




## Life At The Top
## (Third Mind Records - UK)

After many years of buying records on a prayer and a song (i.e. not hearing them first), I have concluded that compilation albums represent the least amount of risk in terms of entertainment value and probably the highest amount of risk in terms of technical quality.

It's pretty hard to feel totally stung by an investment that gives you as many as a dozen or more different bands. The law of averages says that something on the disc is bound to appeal.

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Until recently it has also ordained that some cuts will be studio quality while others will sound exactly like what they are—pressings of some poor soul's only cassette which has been recorded over ten times on a ghettoblaster under less than ideal conditions. Still, they remain for me a worthwhile purchase. Some real treasures are to be found hidden in the grooves of such notable compilations as the *Elephant Table Album* or *24 Three-Minute Symphonies*.

I mention these discs because a comparison between them and the new Third Mind Records release *Life At The Top* is unavoidable. All the regulars that normally appear on semi-esoteric records of this nature are there: Legendary Pink Dots, Bushido, Muslimgauze, Coil, etc. etc. With a few exceptions, all these groups have a unique style and the wide variety represented make for a very entertaining 48 minutes. None of the cuts could be described as "too difficult." My only reservation pertains to a feeling that while all the bands are interesting in the juxtaposition of a compilation, few of them would be capable of providing sufficient variety of style or sound to make a full-length album worthy of purchase.

*Life At The Top* shines, however, in the aforementioned technical end. Where some of the more remarkable tracks on both *Elephant Table* and *24 Three-Minute Symphonies* end up sounding decidedly less than remarkable due to the recording quality, everyone on *Life At The Top* comes out sounding comparatively brilliant. It is this consistency which is the single most important reason for buying the record. Others might include the super packaging job—a special edition of Abstract Magazine, who collaborated with Third Mind Records to produce the disc, is included. Another reason might be that Third Mind seems to be producing full-length albums by a lot of these groups and this disc might be a good preview of what we can expect from them in the coming months.

Here we return to the question of potential. *Life At The Top* is a good album by almost anyone's yardstick; but unless you happen to be a fanatic for one or more of these artists a careful listen might be advisable before making a purchase of any future efforts in this direction.

***—Larry Thiessen***

## The Patea Maori Club

**(WEA)**

Who has performed on the same stage with Ike & Tina Turner, Petula Clark, Eartha Kitt, the Pointer Sisters, and the Commodores? Who is the 300+ lb.-er who leads over 40 Maori singers and dancers around the world—London, New York, Paris?

Why, it's none other than Dalvinius Maui Prime, big daddy of contemporary Maori culture, performing at the Commonwealth Institute in London with his Patea Maori Club this February.

Their current album is no. 21 with a bullet in New Zealand, and the hit single "Poi E," a song about an object that looks like a giant garlic but is used in dances to represent flight, falling leaves and other sundry things, was no. 1 on the charts in Britain. Electro-Polynesian—Tiki-breakdancing extravaganza.

But seriously folks. . . the sound is very ethnic, strong, energetic, with a driving beat. But don't confuse Polynesian with Reggae. Maori is a body language as much as a spoken one, so although you lose the impressive visuals of a stage performance on the record, the tunes are certainly ones you can move to. The Patea Maori Club has a greater purpose than just getting hits on the charts, though. Originally started as a "make-work" project (we've all heard of those. . .) for unemployed Maoris by Rev. Napi Waaka 13 years ago, it is now a confirmation, continuation, and contribution to the Maori culture.

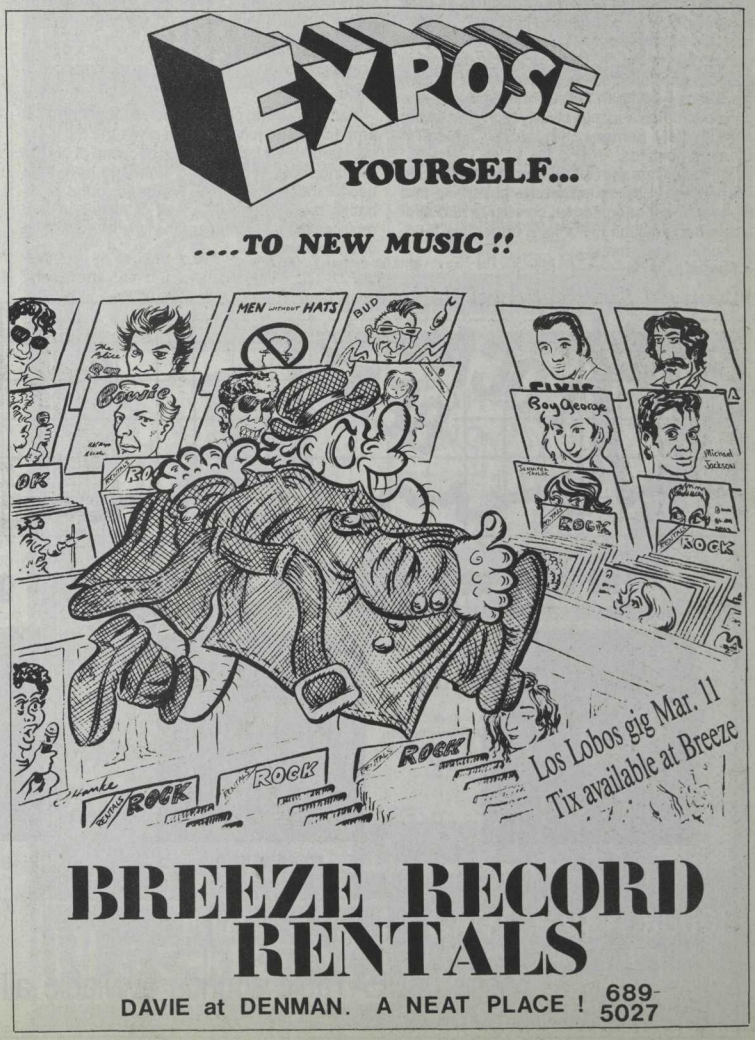
"Maori is a living language. . . a living culture," Dalvinius says. The themes of the songs and the performances themselves are reiterations of the immediacy of this culture, that must not be left to history.

The mixture of old Maori language with new Maori electronic music has already helped to break down the limitations set up by previous ethnic stereotypes. Of course, what the Patea Maori Club is doing has ramifications to all ethnic minority cultures, holding their own in the world music scene.

"Traditional Maori music for me is a way of life," said Dalvinius Maui Prime to *Guardian's* Stuart Wavell, "contemporary Maori music a necessity. In order for us to preserve our language and culture we must present that way of life as we are living it today. . . it is not who speaks or sings the Maori language, or how it is spoken or sung, it is that it is sung and spoken and that someone is listening."

As sung and spoken by the Patea Maori Club, it *should* be listened to.

***—Ann Marie Fleming***



**SIMPLE MINDS - Don't You (Forget About Me) (Virgin)**

A curious title, I think you'll agree, for a song by a band slipping so fast into the abyss of bland that you can smell fingernails burning as they scrape across the precipice. "Don't You" is taken from the soundtrack of *The Breakfast Club,* and with an eye to the big buck racked up by movie soundtracks lately, some genius saw fit to team the Simps with Keith Forsey, the producer responsible for the success of Billy Idol. The result, appropriately perhaps, has all the appeal of runny egg whites.

Jim Kerr sings with all the conviction of a man worried about being left off the guest list, and the rest of the band seems content to add aimless ornamentation to Forsey's trademark thuddathudda drum tracks.

Forget it.

**JASON & THE SCORCHERS - White Lies (EMI)**

How did I know, even before I heard it, that the "lies" of the title was going to be rhymed with "thin disguise?" Same reason that I knew the song was true to its title and dealt with those old C&W favorites, lyin', cheatin' and wimmin carryin' on wit' other men. As much as I like country music for its honesty and soul, it can be a tad predictable at times. Which is to say that this single could have ended up in that category of C&W cliche.

And then along comes Jason Ringenberg, his amp turned up too loud, and gives the old C&W standard a new face. Perhaps because of his pig farming roots, Ringenberg seems to have little use for the niceties of the Nashville sound as he backs the twang with a wall of distortion and replaces the melancholy of the lyric with a whoop of exuberance.

Cliched, but fun.

**FLESHTONES - American Beat '84 (IRS/UK)**

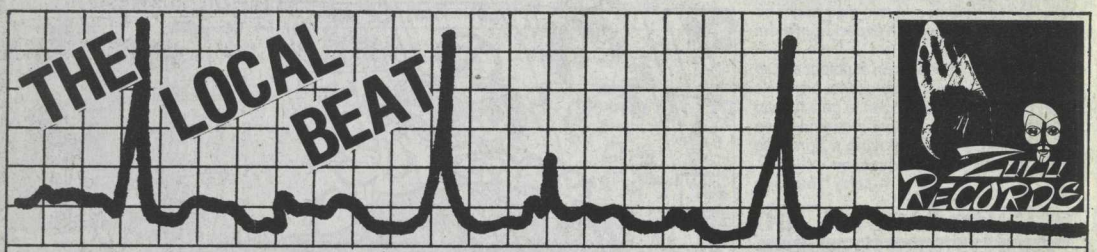
It's hard to listen to the title track of this record without being reminded of the ugly taste I got in my mouth when I heard the Reagan machine's "It's morning in America" fairytale. It's sad, but true: Ronnie's given American patriotism a bad name, and people like the Fleshtones and Bruce Springsteen (whose "Born in the U.S.A." was lumped, by those who never listened beyond the chorus, into the blinders-on/Jerry Fallwell/Rocket Ronnie/chauvinist class of American patriotism) are going to suffer for it. "American Beat '84" boasts unashamedly about American popular music with a blast of Stax-like horns, a great shout-a-long chorus, and, best of all, an honor-roll of the greats that reaches a crescendo as Peter Zaremba shouts "Richard Berry, Berry Gordy, whew, Chuck Berry" and breaks into "Louie Louie" sounding like he just realized how fortunate he is to have the musical heritage he just chronicled.

The other 3 songs aren't too bad either: a call-and-response workout called "Hall of Fame," and a cover of Otis Hick's "Mean Old Lonesome Train," and a rather unnecessary remix of last year's "Hexbreaker." But the heart of the record is the last 45 seconds of "American Beat '84."

**UNITED STATE - Automotan (Victory Records)**

I've always been astounded how little it takes to make a song. This single is a perfect lesson: simple two-chord riff, mumbled female vocals, male grunts to provide counterpoint, and a chorus in which the title of the song is repeated over and over. It doesn't sound like much on paper, but it's ear catching. Problem is, I still don't know what they're on about.

File under: Style Over Content; Less Is More.


**The latest new releases by 3 of Vancouver's greatest local bands**

**ENIGMAS**
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**Go Four 3**
12" EP Zulep 2

**SLOW**
**I Broke the Circle**
7" ULUZ 2

These unBEATable sounds available all over town

**DAVID BOWIE/PAT METHENY - This is Not America (EMI/US)**

Getting lost on tour sure is a bitch.

Listening to this record sure is dull.

David Bowie should sure steer clear of duets.

Of interest only to those who bought the duet with Bing Crosby and liked it.

**TIME ZONE (Afrika Bambaata/John Lydon) - World Destruction (Virgin/UK)**

Speaking of duets, Bambaata seems to be turning into Julio Iglesias with street credibility, first cozying up to the mike with James Brown and now with this scrawny little white kid. To be perfectly honest, I was prepared for the worst when I heard about this single.

Actually it's not too bad. Like the James Brown collaboration it doesn't live up to the rather large expectation projects like these create, but the contrast between Bambaata's bark and Lydon's whine, and between the hip hop and the drone make for amusing listening, at least in the short term.

I don't know, maybe I'm just being soft on this because it deals with apocalyptic subjects and I've just seen *Threads* ("a startling documentary about nuclear war in the garment district").

**LLOYD COLE & THE COMMOTIONS - The Sea and Sand (Polydor/UK)**

The much-hyped Cole voice is in fine form for this single, but where's the band? Understandably, the Commotions are often asked to be a bit grey, in order that Cole's voice stand out all the more, but in this case they sink just a little too deep into the woodwork. As a result the song seems to wander aimlessly at times, no matter how hard Lloyd tries to hold it together with that wonderful aching voice.

**RICHARD BONE - Living in Party Town THIRTEEN AFTER MIDNIGHT - Skin Deep/Shack Up (Survival Records)**

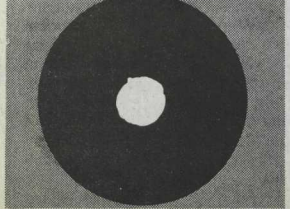
Only a fit of perversity prevented me from sending both these discs to the vinyl crusher moments after the stylus found the groove. Both sound like assembly line disco funk: THWACKKATHWACKchickachickareedeedeedeedeeTHUNKATHUNKA, you get the picture?

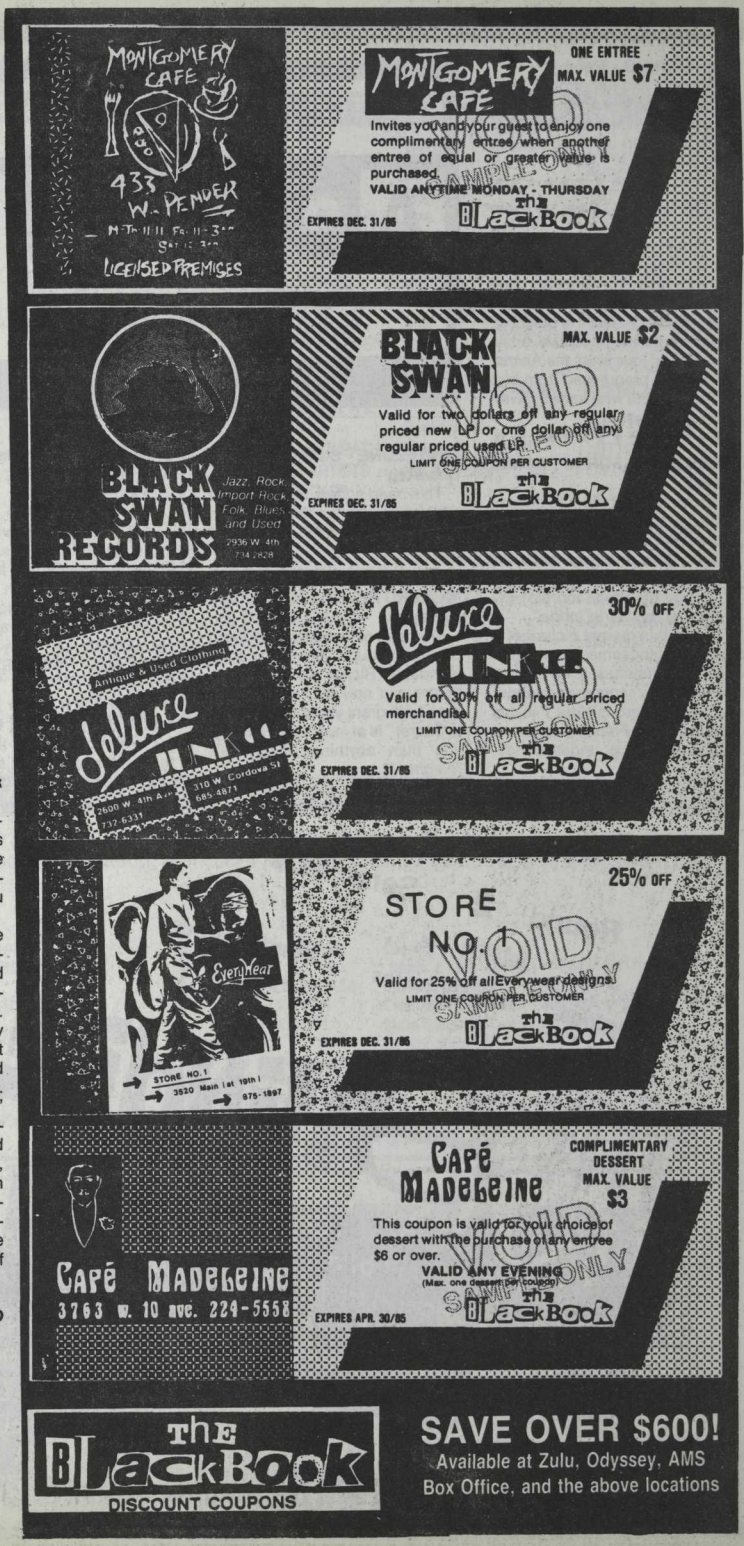
Richard Bone was saved from the ignomious fate by having put out a record with the most incongruous blend of sense and sound that I have heard in some time. If you can imagine David Sylvain singing "Boogie Fever," you can imagine this record. Mr. Bone sings about "everybody shaking in party town" and "dance all day and night" like a gout sufferer at a disco. Pity. Everyone's having fun and Richard would rather go home and file his corns.

Thirteen at Midnight check in with "Skin Deep" which is, as near as I could gather, an ode to superficiality (their own, I presume). But this record would be vinyl chips by now if it weren't for the B-side, a cover of A Certain Ratio's "Shack Up." TAM turn ACR's warning against early marriage and endorsement of cohabitation into a sleezy metronomic commercial for orgasm ("have one today") complete with what we are to presume are female moans of ecstasy.

Cheap Exploitation Cover Of The Month.

—*CD*



**RED HERRING - Neon**

Mediocre and rather disappointing describes this song. I was expecting the winners of Shindig to have come up with something more exciting.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

**ANIMAL SLAVES - Save Me From Ruin**

I should mention that I saw Animal Slaves in front of 80's OD about three or four years ago and I wasn't impressed. However, this song isn't bad; in fact it is quite catchy in a dirge-like, repetitive, artsy-fartsy way. In four years the Animal Slaves have progressed from bad to tolerable and who knows, given another four years. . .

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

**PROCEDURES FOR APPROVAL - Defeat**

Typical. It's all there: the cheezy synths, steady drum beat, jangling guitars and profound lyrics.

"Why does one grow older
and why does one grow colder
I'm too old much too old
to take this all in stride"

I've got this mental picture of a bunch of handsome young men with wavo haircuts and clothes looking really concerned about why someone grows older. File this band away with French Letters and Images In Vogue under trendy-trash.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

**WHITEZONE - Sitting on the Bus/Step**

This band suffers the same fate as Procedures For Approval—forgettable and slick. Oh, and insipid too.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

**RICHARD REYNOLDS - Burning In Secret**

This man sounds a lot like David Bowie. Although likeness is commendable, Richie, it's been done before and now it's boring. However, I will grant you that "Burning In Secret" is at least more interesting than anything off Bowie's *Tonight* LP.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

**CHRIS HOUSTON - Baby Jesus/ XTC of Ignorance**

"Oh baby Jesus
he looks like Elvis
he shaves his pelvis"

Judging by the lyrics, this is obviously Demo Of The Month material. Completed with a warped blues sound Chris Houston has sold me. "XTC of Ignorance," while not as great as "Baby Jesus," is good too. REQUEST THESE SONGS!

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

**b-SIDES - Two Song Demo**

I remember simpler times when the b-sides appeared to be more interested in making good music than they were a lot of cash. (Does anyone remember "Invasion of the Money Snatchers"?) The b-sides' latest "Girl Like You" and "Walk Like We Do" are pretty slick to say the least. These two songs would probably do really well in a Las Vegas nightclub act. How could the b-sides miss with lyrics like:

"I want what's best for you
isn't that clear..."

Or how about:

"You've got those one in a
million eyes
I bet they say that to all the girls
like you..."

Tom Jones would even like to sing these songs. I guess it's "Viva Las Vegas" for the b-sides.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

**CONDITION - Syncopated Rhythms**

Rather self-indulgent jazzy-electronic stuff; but catchy. The lead singer (a woman) has a great voice. I really liked "Stranded In The Jungle" in that it's sort of a nouveau Monster Mash but the lead singer can sing better than Bobby Boris Picket ever could. "Play Me That Rhythm" and "Lonesome Trails" aren't too bad; but, the rest of the songs on the six-song demo are repetitive and annoying. I think that Condition should be careful that in their next release they don't sink into a pit of pretention.

*—Julia*

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## CITR TOP 20 SINGLES

| | ARTIST | TITLE | LABEL |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | THE WEST | I Show No/Face of the Earth | **DEMO** |
| 2 | UNITED STATE | Glass Knight/Automaton | VICTORY |
| 3 | TIME ZONE | World Destruction | VIRGIN (UK) |
| 4 | WALL OF VOODOO | Big City | IRS (UK) |
| 5 | CELEBRITY DRUNKS | Ode To A Dreamer | **DEMO** |
| 6 | RED LORRY YELLOW LORRY | Hollow Eyes | RED RHINO (UK) |
| 7 | IN TUA NUA | Take My Hand | ISLAND (UK) |
| 8 | GLENN SCOTT | Understanding | MO DA MU |
| 9 | BRITISH PROPERTIES | Indians In Paris | **DEMO** |
| 10 | NG3 | Sheltered World | **DEMO** |
| 11 | BONZO GOES TO WASHINGTON | 5 Minutes | SLPING. BAGS (US) |
| 12 | TONES ON TAIL | Christian Says/Twist | BB (UK) |
| 13 | CONDITION | Stranded In the Jungle/ Play Me That... | **DEMO** |
| 14 | ANIMAL SLAVES | Save Me From Ruin | **DEMO** |
| 15 | SID PRESLEY EXPERIENCE | Cold Turkey | SID PRESLEY (UK) |
| 16 | KANE GANG | Respect Yourself | KITCHENWARE (UK) |
| 17 | ACR | Life's A Scream | FACTORY (UK) |
| 18 | SLOW | There's A Burning God Inside Me | **DEMO** |
| 19 | ASSOCIATES | Breakfast | WEA (UK) |
| 20 | HOODOO GURUS | Be My Guru | DEMON (UK) |

## CITR TOP 20 ALBUMS

| | ARTIST | TITLE | LABLE |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | HUSKER DU | Zen Arcade | SST (US) |
| 2 | SKINNY PUPPY | Remission | NETTWERK |
| 3 | SCRAPING FOETUS... | Hole | SELF IMMOL. (UK) |
| 4 | FASTBACKS | Every Day Is Saturday | NO THREES (US) |
| 5 | LAURIE ANDERSON | United States Live | WEA |
| 6 | BILL OF RIGHTS | Meltdown 85 | NO RIGHTS |
| 7 | VOICE OF AUTHORITY | Very Big In America Right Now | ON U-SOUND (UK) |
| 8 | MALCOLM McLAREN | Fans | VIRGIN/POLYGRAM |
| 9 | FLYING LIZARDS | Top Ten | STATIK (UK) |
| 10 | DIE TOTEN HOSEN | Unter Falscher Flagge | VIRGIN |
| 11 | LLOYD COLE & THE COMMOTIONS | Rattlesnake | WEA |
| 12 | GRAPES OF WRATH | Grapes Of Wrath EP | NETTWERK |
| 13 | VARIOUS ARTISTS | Pay It All Back | ON U-SOUND (UK) |
| 14 | PENGUIN CAFE ORCHESTRA | Broadcasting From Home | EG/A&M |
| 15 | LES CALAMITES | A Bride Abbatue | NEW ROSE (FR) |
| 16 | RAMONES | Too Tough To Die | SIRE/WEA |
| 17 | STRETCHMARKS | What D'Ya See | HEAD BUTT |
| 18 | ASEXUALS | Be What You Want | FIRST STRIKE |
| 19 | THE PRIMEVALS | Eternal Hotfire | NOW ROSE (FR) |
| 20 | ARTO LINDSAY | Envy | EG/A&M |

## FAST FORWARD NEW RELEASES

A numbering/playlist is not applicable here. All of this material can be heard on Fast Forward over the next month or two. It is all available locally. For more information, or if you'd like to request some of these releases on a Sunday night, call in at 228-CITR.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| HEXTREMETIES | Raw and Cooked | HAX (VANC.) |
| DAVID MOSS & FRIENDS | Full House | MOERS MUSIC (GER.) |
| ASMUS TIETCHENS | Formen Letzter Hausmusik | UNITED DARIES (UK) |
| DIAMANDA GALAS | Panoptikon/Songs from the Blood of Those Murdered | METALANGUAGE (USA) |
| VARIOUS | L.A. Mantra II | TRANCE PORT (USA) |
| PAUL DOLDEN/ANDREW CZINK | Chiaroscuro I & II | PASSIONPIT (VANC.) |
| RICHARD TRUHLAR | Growling in the Roof-beams & Kaki's Alphabet | UNDERWHICH (TOR.) |
| HERMINE DEMORAINE | Lonely At The Top | SALOME (UK) |
| METAMORPHOSIS | Great Babel Gives Birth | THIRD MIND (UK) |
| DEBILE MENTHOL | Battre Campagne | REC REC (SWITZ.) |

Not all of the above releases are new. This list is compiled on the basis of featured airplay. The order in which they appear is indicative of absolutely nothing. All but the Dolden and Truhlar is available commercially. For details on obtaining some of the "rare" recordings, phone in on Sunday nights. Where there's a will there's a way.

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# ROVING EAR
## this month from N.Y.C.

*Don Cherry, Charlie Haden, Dewey Redman & Ed Blackwell at Sweet Basil's, Sunday, Jan. 20, N.Y.C.*

Ten-thirty Sunday night found us jammed into a cedar corner at Sweet Basil's, with a $10 cover and a $6 minimum, but well worth it to sit in New York's most "important" "progressive" "expensive" nightclub. Also, with wind-chill factor it was 30° below outside.

Inside was **Old & New Dreams,** a quartet featuring: Don Cherry on modified baby-bugle trumpet, piano, melodica; Ed Blackwell on drums; Charley Haden on bass; Dewey Redman on sax, together creating a serendipitous freeform structure of sound.

These guys were on Wornett Coleman's breakthrough album *Free Jazz* together, in the early 60s. They're still carrying on that sense of music. It can't date because it's very essence is spontaneity and change.

Atonal? Dissonant? Maybe. Charley even played a song for whales, sounding amazingly electrophonic on his own leviathan of an accoustic instrument.

And the loose-lipped Don Cherry, when not throwing paper airplanes at mini-fans in the audience, coerced the air through his horn enough to produce some tonal variations I'm sure we'll never hear again.

DON CHERRY

Loose as the quartet was, out of nowhere they would come together for some incredibly tight passages, then dissipate off on their own directions again, musically and sometimes to the table for a drink or the back for a leak—always somehow aware of what the other three were doing in their minds at any given moment.

Ed Blackwell, though, has more funk in his little finger than Michael Jackson in his entire glove, managing to turn a basic trap set into something out of the "Arabian Nights." (Yeah, but who sings better?)

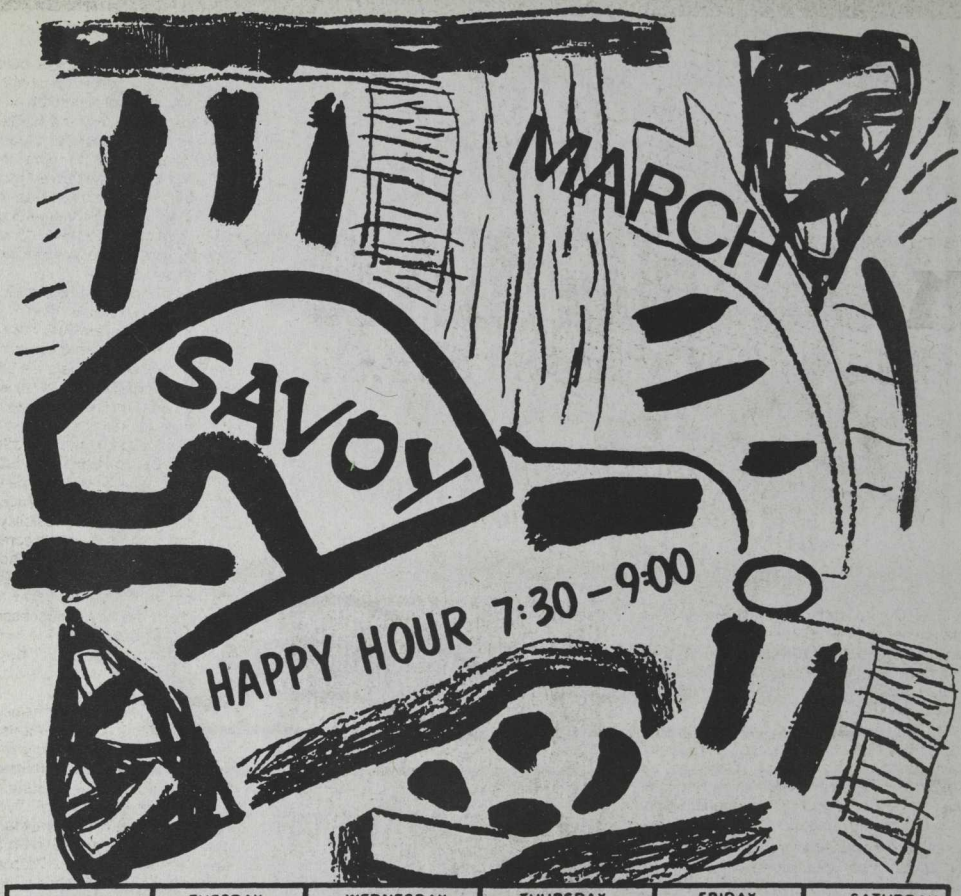
Though the group had no leader as such, I noticed in ensemble playing eyes were on Cherry, whose eyes were always closed.

This rare reunion performance of Old & New Dreams (whose members are engaged in a wide variety of separate projects) at Sweet Basil's underscores the feeling of the major clubs that there is a market again for the real pioneers of black music: last month's double-bill of Jack Dejohnette's **Special Edition** and **Cecil Taylor Unit,** and the upcoming appearance of Lester Bowie's **Brass Fantasy,** in major Village clubs attests to this. In large part, this possibility has been opened up by the overwhelming commercial success of Wynton Marsalis who is honest enough to always nod both musically and verbally to the real pioneers, to the old and new dreams. Terence Blanchard, the young successor to Marsalis in the **Jazz Messengers,** and now, breaking with his own band, was at Sunday's gig, listening intently—absorbing the work of the masters as Marsalis did before him.

So, the question is, do these guys (Cherry, et. al.) know that they're institutions? Do they *know* that today's up-and-coming jazz imprasarios look to them for inspiration? You bet. But they play like they don't give a damn. Even in Sweet Basil's, where the breath of your neighbour at the next table is always on your face, these four guys play as if there wasn't a soul in the room save them—and the kid Cherry threw the paper plane at. This is still jazz at its "purest" form. Four guys jamming away together, and great enough to get paid for it. As if money had something to do with it.

Well, the set's over, Steve's finished his G&T. Walter's broken my water glass with his butter knife. Time to leave this hot club and meet once again the cold cold street.

***—Ann Marie Fleming***




| MONDAY | TUESDAY | WEDNESDAY | THURSDAY | FRIDAY | SATURDAY |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | ★ star denotes cover at club opening | | 1 HERALD NIX | 2 |
| 4 CMR Shindig! | ★ 5 FABULON | 6 | 7 WITH GUESTS | featuring..... 8 Billy Cowsill TRAINWRECK | 9 |
| 11 | ★ 12 HI JINGO | & 13 Banff | 14 | Seattle's 15 the 57s vintage 50s music | 16 |
| 18 | ★ 19 PROOF by 9 | 20 with guests | 21 | 22 MANGO DUB | 23 |
| 25 | ★ 26 bob's your uncle and JAZZMANIAN DEVILS | | 28 reggae band FRANK CARROLL & the hit squad | 29 | 30 |

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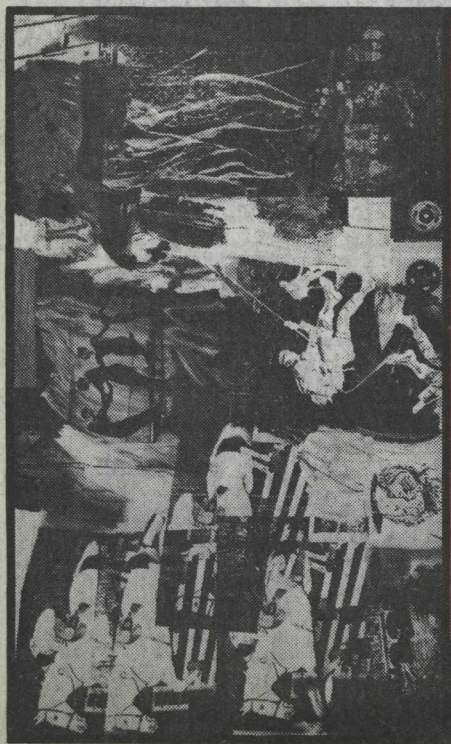

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